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ADVENTURES INTO THE UNKNOWN!

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IT'S THE ONE LOVE MAGAZINE YOU'LL
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SPY-HUNTERS

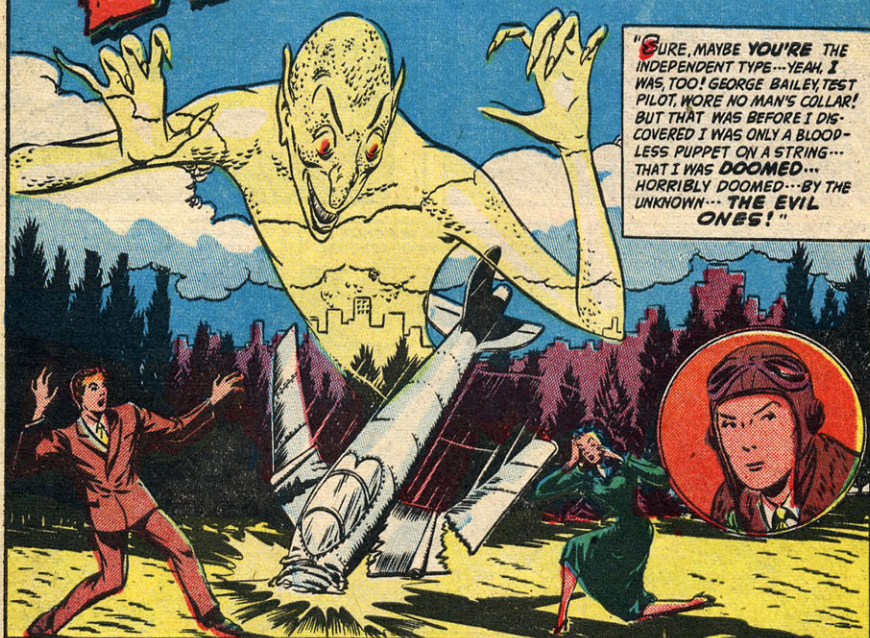
Lovelorn

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The EVIL ONES!



"SURE, MAYBE YOU'RE THE INDEPENDENT TYPE---YEAH, I WAS, TOO! GEORGE BAILEY, TEST PILOT, WORE NO MAN'S COLLAR! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE I DISCOVERED I WAS ONLY A BLOODLESS PUPPET ON A STRING... THAT I WAS DOOMED... HORRIBLY DOOMED... BY THE UNKNOWN... THE EVIL ONES!"

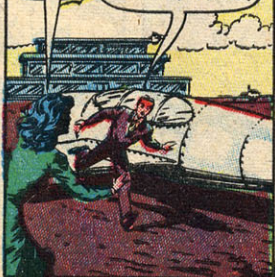
HOW LONG AGO WAS IT? IT SEEMS LIKE **CENTURIES!** TO ME, TAKING A NEW JET JOB UP FOR ITS FIRST FLIGHT WAS THE BIGGEST THRILL IN THE WORLD! IN THE AIR, I WAS A **KING!**



"WHEN I CAME DOWN, USUALLY MARY WAS WAITING..."

GEORGE! THANK HEAVEN YOU'RE **SAFE!**

SURE I'M SAFE, MARY! YOU'RE MARRYING AN IRON MAN! GOING UP AGAIN TOMORROW... NEW ROCKET PLANE!



I...I'M SO AFRAID FOR YOU! DARLING... PLEASE, GET ANOTHER JOB...

WHERE? ON THE GROUND? MARY, THERE'S NOTHING IN THIS UNIVERSE THAT CAN GROUND **GEORGE BAILEY!**





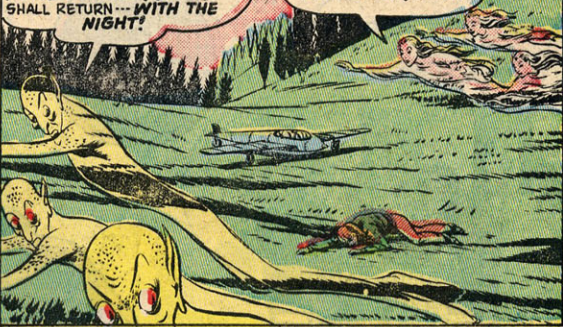
"LIKE A BEACON FROM ANOTHER, BRIGHTER WORLD, THE SUN CAME UP... IT WAS DAWN!"



"AND THEN, THERE WAS HELP IN THIS EVIL WORLD... RESCUERS THAT CAME WITH THE LIGHT! THEY WERE ALMOST HUMAN IN FORM... BEAUTIFUL..."

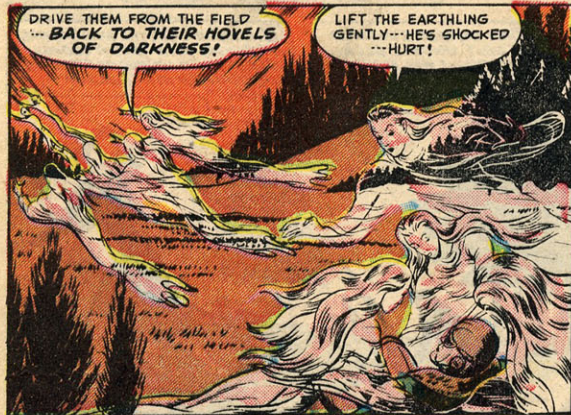
LEAVE THE PRISONER... FLEE! THE DAWN HAS COME... AND OUR POWER WANES! BUT WE SHALL RETURN... WITH THE NIGHT!

AWAY, EVIL SPIRITS... HIDE YOUR UGLINESS FROM THE LIGHT OF DAY! AWAY!



DRIVE THEM FROM THE FIELD... BACK TO THEIR HOVELS OF DARKNESS!

LIFT THE EARTHLING GENTLY... HE'S SHOCKED... HURT!



"I PUSHED MY NEW-BORN FEARS BEHIND ME, ACCEPTED THEIR UNEXPECTED HOSPITALITY... EXPLANATIONS..."

EARTHLING, YOUR SPEED HAS BROKEN THROUGH THE FOURTH DIMENSION... THE WORLD OF TIME! YOU'VE REACHED THE FIFTH DIMENSION... DOMAIN OF THE SPIRITS! WE ARE THE SPIRITS OF GOOD, AND CAN PROTECT YOU... DURING THE DAY! THE OTHERS... THEY ARE THE SPIRITS OF EVIL... THEY REIGN SUPREME IN THE NIGHT! THEY WILL COME FOR YOU AGAIN... THIS VERY NIGHT... FALL!



"THAT VERY NIGHT, THE STRUGGLE FOR MY SOUL BEGAN! I FACED THE SPIRITS OF EVIL WITH ALL THE COURAGE I COULD MUSTER..."

I'M READY FOR YOU, YOU DEVILS! I'LL DIE FIGHTING!

NO, GEORGE BAILEY... WE WILL NOT HARM YOUR BODY! WE HAVE NOT PLANNED YOUR DEATH... NOT YET! WE WILL BUT AMUSE OURSELVES WITH YOU... AMUSE OURSELVES! HA-HA-HA!



"HAVE YOU EVER HEARD A LAUGH WITHOUT HUMOR OR HUMANITY IN IT? A LAUGH SO COLD THAT IT WAS THE ESSENCE OF FROZEN EVIL? I DID... THAT NIGHT! AND THEN... THERE CAME A VISION BEFORE MY STARING EYES..."

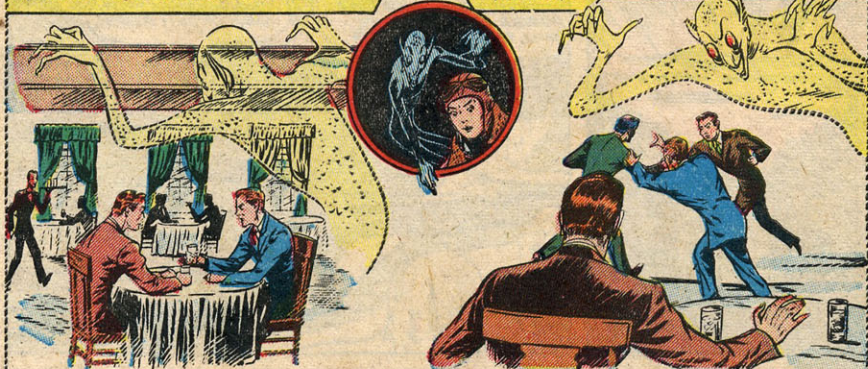
LOOK, GEORGE BAILEY! LOOK!



"A VISION OF HUNGER, FAMINE, DEATH, WAR... A VISION OF TRAGEDY... OF EVIL! I COULD SEE THE HANDS OF THE EVIL ONES BEHIND THE SCENES... HEAR THEIR MIRTHLESS LAUGHTER BEHIND THE CRIES OF THE ILL, THE WOUNDED, THE DYING!"

"THE NEXT SCENE STABBED ME LIKE A DAGGER IN THE DARK! THERE I WAS...AND THERE WAS BUD PALMER! WE'D BEEN PALS A LONG TIME..."

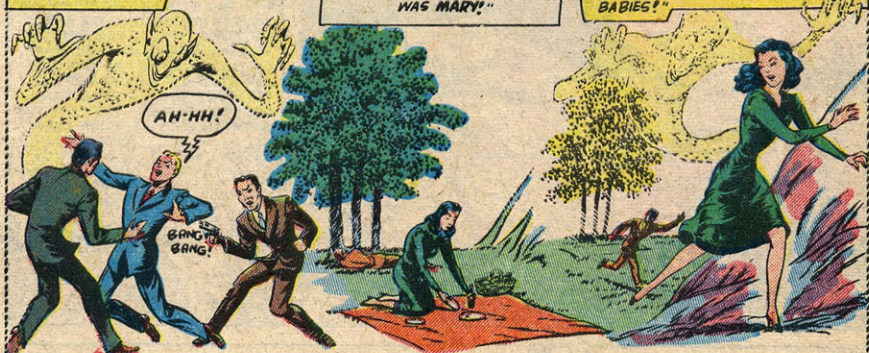
"BUD WAS A GOOD GUY, THE KIND WHO WAS HARD TO SCARE! A SCRAP, ANY KIND OF SCRAP, WAS HIS MEAT..."



"I SAW HIM NOW...NOTHING BUT A PUPPET ON A STRING...DANCING A WALTZ OF DOOM TO A TUNE PLAYED BY THE EVIL ONES!"

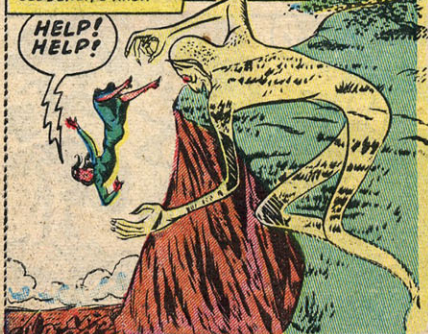
"THEN THE SPIRITS UNFOLDED THE NEXT VISION! I BEGAN TO SHIVER...I WAS AFRAID! FOR THERE, ON THE EVIL STAGE, WAS MARY!"

"I COULDN'T SEE THE MAN SHE WAS PICKNICKING WITH...WAS IT GEORGE BAILEY? THEY LOOKED SO HAPPY...AS LIGHTHEARTED AS A COUPLE OF BABIES!"



"I COVERED MY EYES...LOOKED AWAY! SUDDENLY, I KNEW..."

HELP!
HELP!



"I COULD ALMOST HEAR THE DULL CRASH, THE LOW MOANING...AND FINALLY, THE DEAD SILENCE!"

"I THREW MYSELF AGAINST THE DARK, EVIL SHADOWS AROUND ME..."

IF I COULD ONLY GET AT YOU, KILL YOU! YOU MUST SAVE THEM, HEAR ME... SAVE THEM!

THEY ARE BEYOND HELP, GEORGE BAILEY... THEY ARE DOOMED!



"AGAIN I HEARD THE MIRTHLESS LAUGH OF THE EVIL ONES!"

"DOOMED! THE TERRIBLE WORD EXPLODED IN MY EARS! IF I COULD ONLY DO SOMETHING... ANYTHING! THE HORRID SHOW WENT ON..."



"I RECOGNIZED MY AIRFIELD, BLASTED ASUNDER IN FLAMING WRECKAGE! WHO WAS RESPONSIBLE? WHO? THE EVIL ONES DANCED THE PUPPETS ON THEIR STRINGS AND... SOUNDLESSLY... LAUGHED!"

"THE MORNING AFTER..."

I BEG OF YOU, HELP ME -- SAVE MY FRIENDS, GOOD SPIRITS!

THEY ARE AMONG THOSE IN YOUR WORLD GEORGE BAILEY, WHO ARE DOOMED!



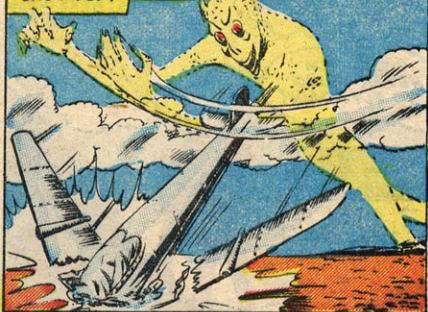
"THIS WAS A NEW GEORGE BAILEY... BEGGING, PLEADING, HUMBLINGLY AFRAID!"

THEN TELL ME... PLEASE... HOW CAN I SAVE THEIR LIVES?

THEY ARE BEYOND HELP! THESE THINGS ARE PRE-ORDAINED!



"ANOTHER NIGHT... AND AGAIN, THE EVIL SPIRITS HELD MY SOUL IN TORTURE! THIS TIME, THEY FORCED THE CRASH OF SOME UNKNOWN PLANE! I SWORE I'D NEVER FLY AGAIN... I WHO, IN ANOTHER LIFE, HAD SWORN I'D NEVER LET MYSELF BE GROUNDED!"



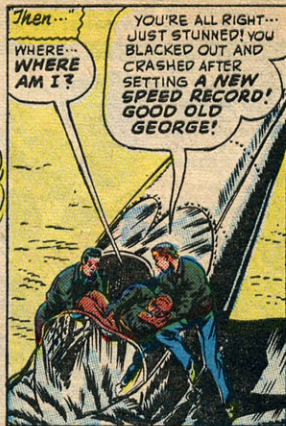
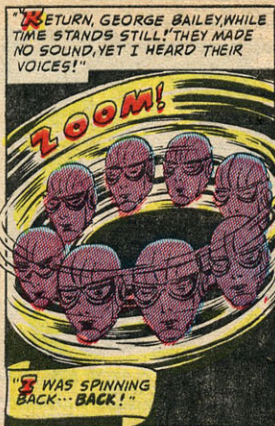
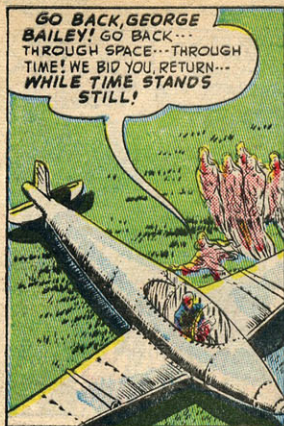
"INSIDE THE PLANE, THE LONE PILOT LAY SLUMPED FORWARD... FACE DOWN AGAINST THE CONTROLS! 'WHO IS HE? TELL ME, WHO IS HE?' I CRIED OUT!"



WHO WAS THE PILOT OF THAT PLANE? WHY COULDN'T I SEE HIM?

HEAR US, GEORGE BAILEY! IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO RETURN BACK TO YOUR WORLD AT ONCE!





"MORE THAN EVER, I WAS TERRIFIED! BUT ONE THING I KNEW... I HAD TO SAVE MARY! I HAD TO! WE WERE MARRIED, QUICKLY..."

DO YOU PROMISE TO LOVE, HONOR AND CHERISH...

AND TO PROTECT HER... IF I CAN!



"WE WERE HAPPY... AND I WAS EVER WATCHFUL! TRYING TO FORGET, AND YET TO REMEMBER... THE EVIL ONES!"

REMEMBER, I'M NOT LETTING YOU OUT OF MY SIGHT...

GEORGE, DON'T BE SO POSSESSIVE! HA-HA! LET'S SEE YOU CATCH ME IF YOU CAN!



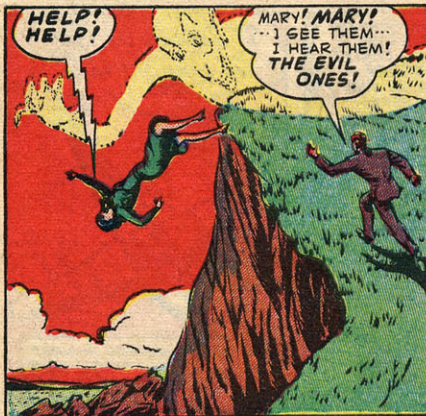
"BEFORE I COULD GET TO MY FEET... WARN HER..."

MARY, COME BACK... COME BACK!

COME AND GET ME!



"I HAD A SICKENING FEELING... FOR I HAD SEEN ALL THIS BEFORE!"



HELP! HELP!

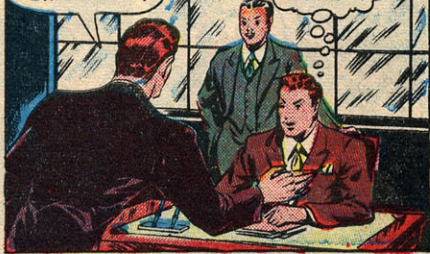
MARY! MARY!... I SEE THEM... I HEAR THEM! THE EVIL ONES!

"HALF-CRAZED, I MADE ONE LAST ATTEMPT... CRIED OUT ONE LAST WORD OF WARNING! BUT IT WAS FUTILE!"

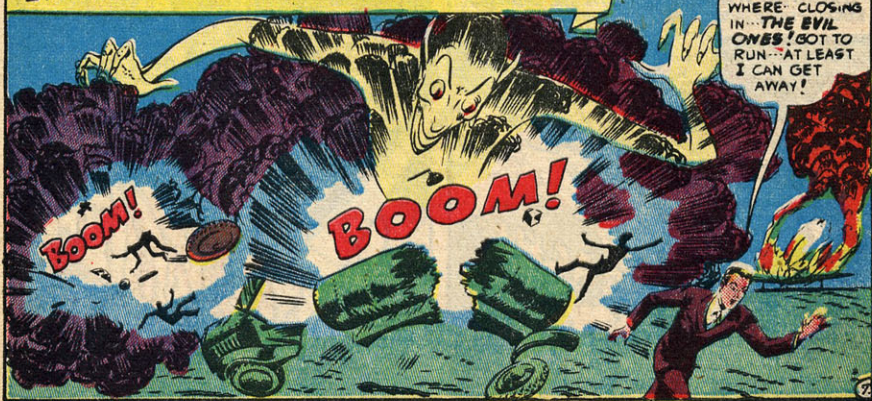
PLEASE BELIEVE ME! AT LEAST, CHECK THAT TANK AT THE EDGE OF THE FIELD... THERE'S GOING TO BE AN EXPLOSION!

SURE, TAKE IT EASY, GEORGE!

POOR GUY... HE'S OFF HIS ROCKER!

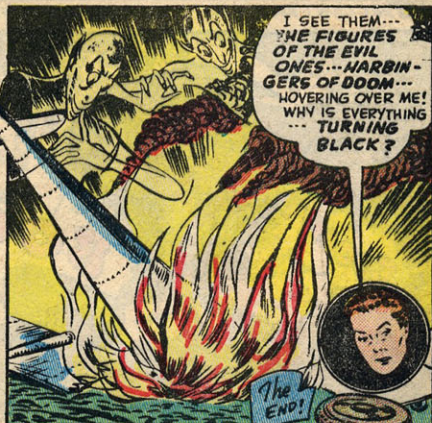
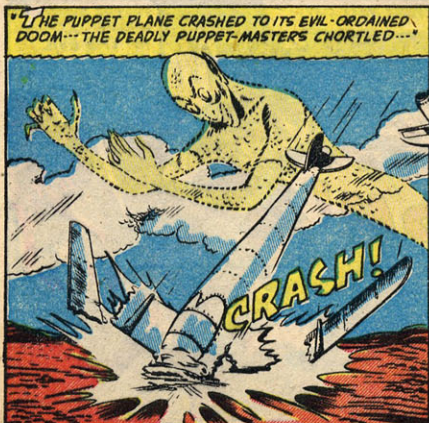
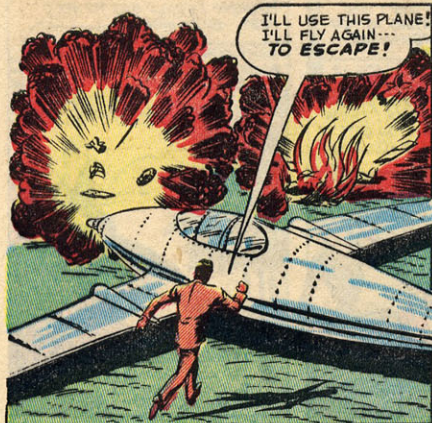


"THEY DIDN'T BELIEVE ME... I COULD SEE IT! AND THE VERY NEXT DAY..."



THEY'RE EVERYWHERE CLOSING IN... THE EVIL ONES! GOT TO RUN... AT LEAST I CAN GET AWAY!

BOOM!



THE GHOST FROM ALGOL

SCIENCE HAS LONG WONDERED ABOUT WHAT KIND OF BEINGS INHABIT THE OUTER UNIVERSE! THEY SUSPECT THAT NOTHING CAN LIVE IN THE VAST REACHES OF SPACE...BUT PERHAPS THESE CREATURES ARE **BEYOND** LIFE! PERHAPS THEY WAIT, IN PHANTOM LEGIONS, FOR A CHANCE TO JOURNEY EARTHWARD...ANSWERING THE MIDNIGHT SUMMONS OF THE GHOST FROM ALGOL!

YOUR NEW SPECTROSCOPE IS A BEAUTY, KEN! WHAT'S IT FOR, EXACTLY?

SHE'S FASCINATED! WHAT A CHUMP I WAS TO BRING NANCY HERE...AFTER I'VE BEEN TRYING TO BEAT KEN'S TIME!

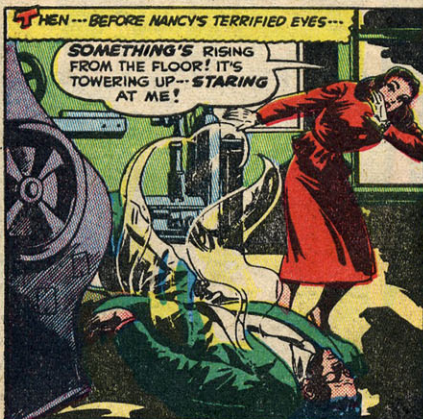
WELL...THE GOVERNMENT IS INTERESTED IN THE COSMIC RAYS THAT AFFECT HIGH-ALTITUDE ROCKET FLIGHTS! SOME OF THESE RAYS ARE GIVEN OFF BY STARS...AND THE SPECTROSCOPE MAGNIFIES THE BEAMS SO THAT THEY CAN BE STUDIED! IT'S A TICKLISH JOB...SINCE STELLAR RAYS CAN HAVE DANGEROUS EFFECTS ON THE HUMAN SYSTEM!

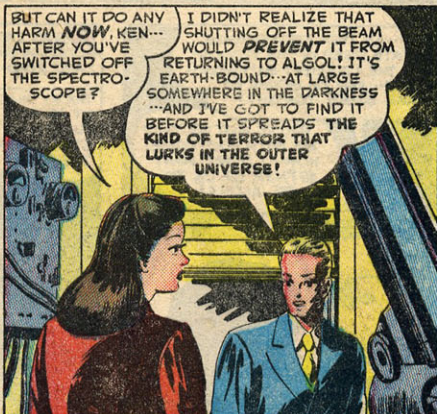
I THINK IT'S **TERRIFICALLY** INTERESTING...BUT WHERE'D TERRY GO?

HAVEN'T YOU SEEN ENOUGH OF HIM LATELY? NOW THAT I'VE FINISHED MY MAIN JOB OF INSTALLING THE SPECTROSCOPE, I'LL HAVE SOME TIME FREE FOR YOU! HOW ABOUT IT...CAN YOU DROP AROUND TO-NIGHT?

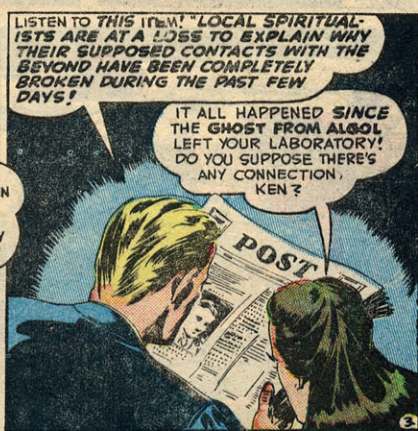
A TOP MAN IN SCIENCE...AND NOW HE WANTS TO BE TOPS WITH NANCY, EH? I'VE BEEN WANTING TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT KEN ROBBING FOR A LONG TIME...AND LEARNING ABOUT THOSE DANGEROUS STELLAR RAYS WILL BE A **BIG** HELP!







SEVERAL DAYS PASS...WITH KEN SEARCHING DESPERATELY FOR A TRACE OF THE GHOST FROM ALGOL! Then...



PIECE THOSE SEPARATE NEWS REPORTS TOGETHER, NANCY...AND IT'S CLEAR THAT THERE'S BEEN A SUDDEN AND WIDESPREAD MOVEMENT OF SUPERNATURAL FORCES...SOMEWHERE! IT'S JUST AS IF THOSE PHANTOMS HAVE BEEN INFLUENCED BY AN IRRESISTIBLE FORCE...**SOMETHING WHICH DRAWS THEM TO IT AS A MAGNET ATTRACTS IRON FILINGS!**



I DON'T NEED ANY SECOND GUESSES ABOUT THAT **SOMETHING!** THE GHOST FROM ALGOL GAINED CONTROL OF TERRY'S SPIRIT...AND **NOW** IT'S STARTING TO DOMINATE **OTHERS!**

IT MUST BE **HIDEOUS**, KEN...WITH ALL OF THEM CONCENTRATED IN ONE SPOT! THEY HAVEN'T SHOWN UP AT YOUR LAB...OR **HERE**...BUT...**DID TERRY OWN A HOUSE?**



YES...AN ISOLATED SUMMER ESTATE, DEEP IN THE WOODS! IT'S THE LIKELIEST GATHERING-PLACE...AND I'M GOING TO MAKE **SURE** TONIGHT!

YOU'VE GOT TO TAKE ME WITH YOU! **SOMEHOW**...I DON'T WANT EITHER OF US TO BE ALONE!



HOURS LATER...WITH THE MOON FILTERING WANLY OVER A WOODLAND ROAD...

TRICKY SHADOWS...OR IS THAT SOMETHING STANDING IN THE ROAD?

I...I HATE TO LOOK...BUT I'LL TRAIN THE SPOTLIGHT!



RIISING STARKLY IN THE AMBER BEAM...

Woooo!

KEN! WATCH OUT...YOU'RE JOGGING THE WHEEL!



PINNED UNDERNEATH...OH, KEN...KEN!

CRASH!



I CAN'T PULL HIM CLEAR!
THANK GOODNESS SOMEONE'S
COMING ALONG THE ROAD!



WE'VE HAD A TERRIBLE
ACCIDENT! PLEASE--
COME DOWN AND GIVE
ME A HAND!

I AM ON MY WAY
TO A HOUSE NEAR-
BY! I CANNOT LOSE
TIME---THEY ARE
WAITING FOR ME!



WELL...AT LEAST THERE
WILL BE PEOPLE AT THE
HOUSE WHO CAN HELP!
I'LL GO WITH YOU!



AHEAD...LOOMING IN A GROVE OF
GHOSTLY BIRCHES...

THERE'S SOMETHING AWFULLY
STRANGE ABOUT THOSE LIGHTS
FLICKERING IN THE WINDOWS
...BUT MAYBE THEY'RE
CANDLES!



STRANGE, TOO, THE SHAFT OF MOON-
LIGHT FALLING ON THE FRONT DOOR
...REVEALING A NAME THAT MAKES
NANCY'S HEART JUMP!

TERRY...IT'S HIS HOUSE
...A HOUSE THAT SHOULD
BE EMPTY...BUT THERE'S
SOMETHING INSIDE!



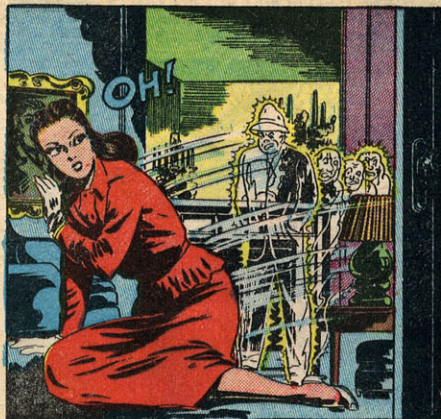
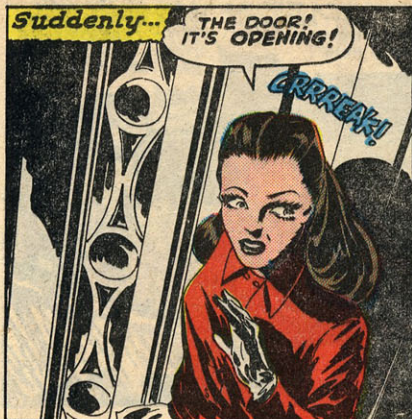
NANCY WHIRLS--AND THE DREAD
TRUTH AND THE DREAD FIGURE
CLOSE IN TOGETHER!

IF YOU KNOW THE HOUSE
...YOU KNOW WHO IT
IS THAT WAITS!

THE GHOST FROM
ALGOL! OH, NO...
NO!



I SHOULD HAVE GUESSED...THE
MOMENT WE SAW THAT HORRIBLE
THING ON THE ROAD...THE MOMENT
I MET THIS! THERE'S TERROR
LURKING HERE--TERROR IN A
HUNDRED DIFFERENT FORMS
...AND I'VE FOLLOWED
ONE OF THEM!



I CAN FEEL THEIR PRESENCE
...AND SOMETHING ELSE! IT'S
HATRED...THE HATRED OF
THINGS THAT KNOW I'M NOT
ONE OF THEM!

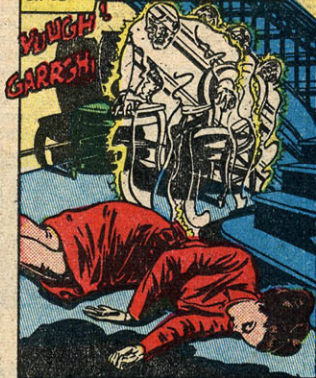


SUDDENLY...FROM ALL SIDES...

NO...I'M NOT LEAVING! I'M
GOING TO FIND HER...IF I
HAVE TO RIP THIS
ROOST APART!



THEN...AS THE GLOOM SLOWLY
LIFTS...

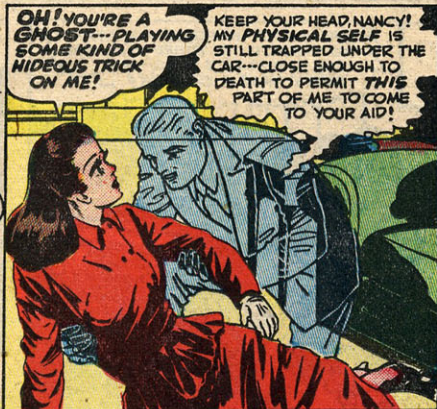


THIS SHOULD CONVINCE YOU CREEPS
THAT I'M A SPIRIT...ABLE TO MEET
YOU ON YOUR OWN TERMS!



THAT VOICE! IT
...IT CAN'T BE
KEN'S!

OH! YOU'RE A
GHOST...PLAYING
SOME KIND OF
HIDEOUS TRICK
ON ME!



KEEP YOUR HEAD, NANCY!
MY PHYSICAL SELF IS
STILL TRAPPED UNDER THE
CAR...CLOSE ENOUGH TO
DEATH TO PERMIT THIS
PART OF ME TO COME
TO YOUR AID!

STICK CLOSE, NANCY...MAYBE
WE CAN BULLDOZE THROUGH!

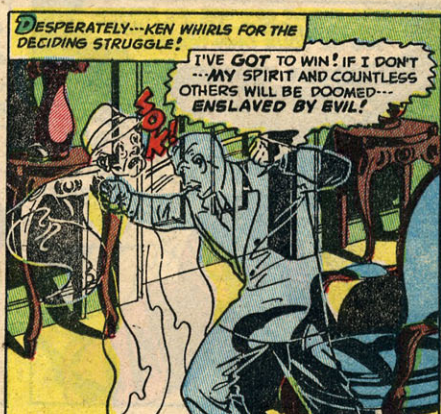


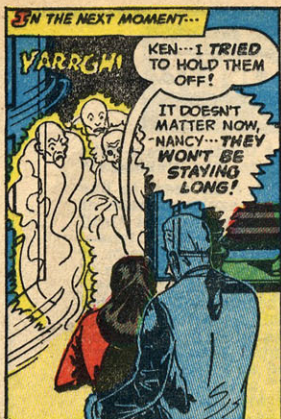
FACED BY A POWER RIVALLING THEIR OWN...THE
PHANTOMS SWIRL TOGETHER!

WE CAN'T GET OUT,
KEN...THEY'RE
BLOCKING THE
DOOR!

THEN WE'LL TRY
THE BACK DOOR!
FIRST...I WANT THIS
HORSESHOE TERRY
USED FOR A PAPER
WEIGHT!







EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Another issue has rolled around, and now it's time to get together again with our favorite people—the reading public of “*Adventures Into The Unknown*!”

We've been making new friends by leaps and bounds. Yes, folks seem to like what we're doing—delving into the supernatural, the great, unexplored realm of the *Unknown*—and reporting our findings in tense, gripping stories that thrill and challenge. We've tried to make them the kind of stories that you want, fans—and you've told us what you're after in a torrent of letters that leave no doubt of your desires! And, in response, we've come through with a star-studded lineup of super features in this issue that we proudly feel will satisfy you on all counts! There's “*The Evil Ones*,” a startling yarn of the strange beings that controlled one man's destiny—“*The Ghost From Algol*,” the tale of a chilling visitor from the outer realms of space—“*The Sargasso Specter*,” which packs all of the gasps and fascination of that dread and mysterious locale, the haunted Sargasso. There's “*Spirit of Frankenstein*,” back again for a new round—and as thrilling as ever! And finally, there's “*The Man Who Went To The Devil*,” a fast-paced supernatural feature that's different—because this one's loaded with laughs, too!

We want to know what you think of these stories—and what you think of our magazine! So write and tell us, won't you? Here's what some of your fellow-readers have been writing. The first letter is from the Grand Prize Winner of our recent “*Adventures Into The Unknown*” contest.

“Dear Editor:

I was thrilled silly to receive your check as first prize. It was certainly unexpected, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Prize or no, I've always been a devoted follower of your wonderful magazine. Just keep it as good as it's been and I'll never miss an issue!

—Lynneal H. Diamond, Mallory, N. Y.”

We'll do our best, Lynneal—and your fine story sure deserved that prize! Incidentally, we had intended publishing the third prize-winning story in this issue, as well as the list of special prize winners, but are holding this for next issue, because of space requirements.

“Dear Editor:

I am 17 and an amateur cartoonist, and it takes a really good comic to get my attention. That's why “*Adventures Into The Unknown*” is ranked among my favorites. Did I say ‘comic’? Your magazine is in no class with most of the so-called comics. It is a new and unique idea to present age-old beliefs and superstitions in picture-story form. Recently I have seen some attempts to imitate your idea, but none were nearly as good. Your book is truly in a class by itself! Some of my favorites are “*The Living Ghost*,” “*The Vampire Prowls*,” “*The Werewolf Stalks*,” “*Spirit of Frankenstein*,” “*Condemned To Live*” and “*The Devil's Disciple*.” I agree with R. L. Flanagan that “*The Living Ghost*” should be brought back. Stories like “*The Affair of Room 1313*” and the others I have mentioned are remarkable because they are so different from the usual ghost stories. That's why your magazine is so good. How about some stories of voodoo magic in future issues? Despite all this, I don't believe in the supernatural or ghosts. Do your other readers agree?

—Nelson Bridwell, Oklahoma City, Okla.”

Here's your chance to answer Mr. Bridwell, readers! What do YOU think?

“Dear Editor:

About four months ago, I began to buy your comic. I don't usually like to buy comics, but yours is an exception. When I first bought it, I read it 3 times, and later still another time—each time getting more enjoyment out of it. “*Adventures Into The Unknown*” is like a miracle. Often, I buy books on trial for good mystery, but yours beats all the rest. It's definitely marvelous in its realism—absolutely breathtaking. And, needless to say, it's the best seller of all on our newsstand. Keep up your good stories! I, as well as my family, relatives, friends and neighbors, enjoy them tremendously! I'd prefer for this grand comic to be published monthly instead of bi-monthly, because two months is a long wait for such a grand comic book!

—A. R. Polcari, Boston, Mass.”

We're glowing with pride! And if you like our stories so far, just watch what's coming!

So long, readers! Let's make it a date for next issue—and keep those letters pouring in!

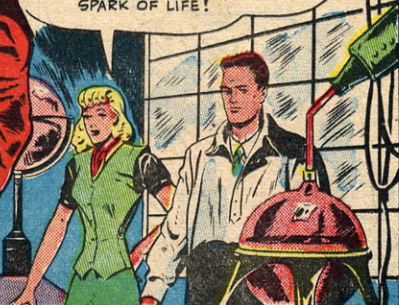
In our next issue—final returns on our big contest! Announcement of 3rd prize winner, as well as winners of 25 special prizes! Don't miss it—you may find your name!

SPIRIT of Frankenstein



I WAS GIVEN...THE EVIL
BRAIN...OF PROFESSOR
PARDWAY! I HAVE NO VOICE
...I HAVE NO WILL...BUT I
HAVE A MIND...THAT
WAITS TO BE AROUSED!
PARDWAY IS DEAD... BUT
PARDWAY WILL RETURN...
PARDWAY WILL TELL
ME WHAT TO DO!

THE ROBOT HASN'T STIRRED FOR
DAYS, DAN... BUT I CAN'T THROW OFF
THE FEELING THAT IT'S AWARE OF
EVERYTHING THAT GOES ON! SOME-
HOW...THERE SEEMS TO BE MORE
HERE THAN JUST A FLICKERING
SPARK OF LIFE!



THIS LETTER FROM DR. ENSLOW OFFERS
SOME HOPE THAT WE CAN KEEP THE
ROBOT UNDER CONTROL, MARCIA! AFTER
HALF A LIFETIME INVESTIGATING THE
SUPERNATURAL, HE'S INVENTED A
DEVICE CALLED THE MICROVOLT
RESISTOR...AND HE'S SURE IT
CAN RID THE ROBOT OF THE EVIL
IMPULSES REACHING IT FROM
THE BEYOND!



MAYBE WE'VE BEEN TOO
CERTAIN THAT PARDWAY'S
SPIRIT WAS DESTROYED IN
YOUR CYCLOTRON, DAN! LET'S
USE DR. ENSLOW'S INVENTION
ON THE ROBOT...
BEFORE IT'S
TOO LATE!

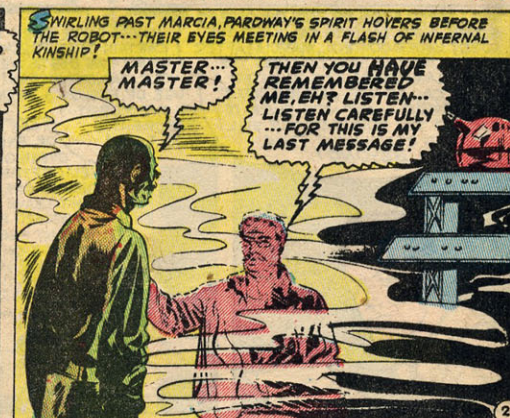


I CAN REACH
DR. ENSLOW'S LAB
OVERNIGHT IN MY
HELICOPTER...BUT
THERE'S ONE RUB! WE
CAN'T LEAVE THE ROBOT
UNWATCHED FOR A SINGLE
MOMENT...SO THE TRIP
DEPENDS ON WHETHER
YOU'RE WILLING TO
SPEND THE NIGHT
HERE!

FOR A BRIEF SECOND, MARCIA SENSES
THAT THE ROBOT HAS MET HER DOUBT-
FUL GLANCE WITH A CHALLENGING
GLIMMER IN ITS HALF-CLOSED EYES
...BUT SHE FIGHTS OFF HER
RISING DREAD!



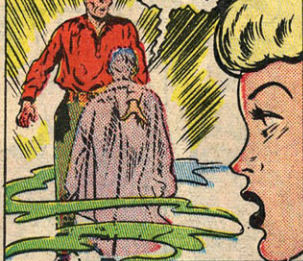
THERE'S NO
REAL REASON
TO THINK IT WILL
ACT UP WHILE
YOU'RE GONE,
DAN! GO
AHEAD!



BUT IT IS A MESSAGE MARCIA CANNOT HEAR... PASSING BETWEEN PARDWAY'S WILL AND THE BRAIN THAT REMAINS DEVILISHLY INTACT... IN THE ROBOT!



YES, MY BRAIN...THE MIND OF A SCIENTIFIC GENIUS! BUT YOU HAVEN'T USED IT...YOU'VE BEEN A CREATURE RELYING ON MERE BRUTE STRENGTH! THINK, ROBOT!...THINK...AND INSTEAD OF OBEYING MEN...YOU WILL MASTER THEM!



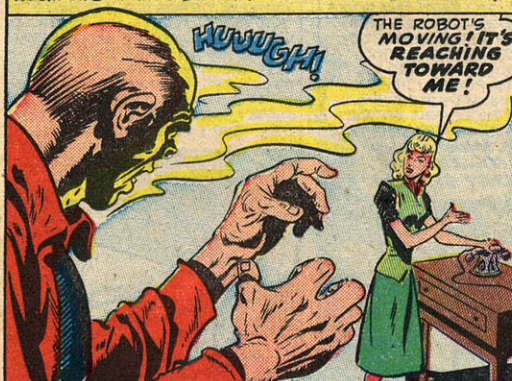
AS MARCIA WATCHES...TRYING TO FATHOM THE MEANING BEHIND THIS GHOSTLY MISSION...

PARDWAY'S SPIRIT IS DISAPPEARING! I CERTAINLY WISH IT COULD TAKE THE ROBOT ALONG!

I CAN NEVER RETURN...BUT YOU WILL CARRY ON! I LEAVE YOU WITH A BODY OF GIANT STRENGTH...AND THE WILL TO THINK!



THE PHANTOM VANISHES...BUT FEAR CLINGS TO THE SILENT ROOM LIKE AN INVISIBLE PALL...AND MARCIA REALIZES WHY!



THE ROBOT'S MOVING! IT'S REACHING TOWARD ME!

OPERATOR...GET ME LONG DISTANCE!

THAT'S STRANGE...IT STOPPED SHORT! IT'S DRAWING ITS HAND BACK!



FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE CREATURE IS HELD IN CHECK BY ITS OWN MIND...ITS OWN CRAFTY JUDGMENT!

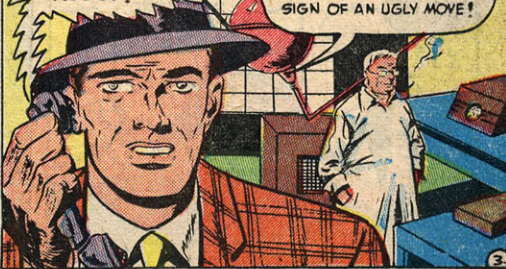
DR. WARREN IS BRINGING BACK...A MACHINE...TO CONTROL ME! PERHAPS I CAN...MAKE USE OF IT... IF I WAIT!



MINUTES LATER...AT DR. ENSLOW'S LABORATORY...

DAN...I'M FRIGHTENED! PARDWAY'S GHOST RETURNED...AND IT SEEMED TO EXCHANGE SOME KIND OF DREADFUL SECRET WITH THE ROBOT!

GREAT GUNS! I WON'T WASTE A SECOND GETTING BACK WITH THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR, MARCIA! KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE ROBOT MEANWHILE...BUT RUSH TO SAFETY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF AN UGLY MOVE!



BUT THE ROBOT REMAINS MOTIONLESS...
...LOST IN THE FEVERISH DREAM OF COMING
POWER! TOWARD DAWN...

I AM STRONG
...I AM WISE...YES,
I CAN...MASTER
MEN!

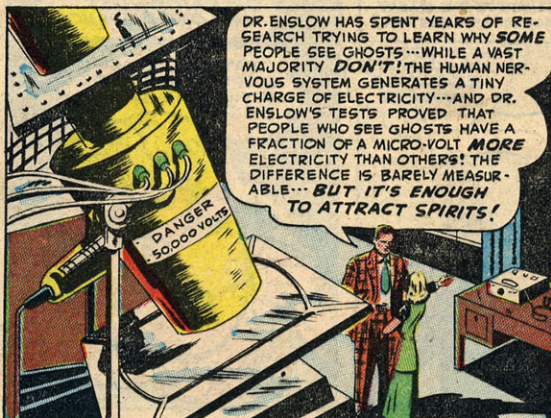
THERE'S DAN!
NO MATTER WHAT
HAPPENS NOW...T
WON'T BE ALONE!

THE ROBOT IS UP
TO SOMETHING, DAN!
I CAN FEEL IT IN
THOSE TERRIBLE
GLINTING EYES...
THAT LOW GROWL
DEEP DOWN IN
ITS THROAT...!

EASY, PET!
I KNOW
NOW I
SHOULDN'T HAVE
LEFT YOU HERE
IN THE FIRST
PLACE--BUT
IT'S DONE NOW!
I THINK WE'VE
GOT THE ROBOT
LICKED!

IT'S PRETTY CLEAR THAT PARDWAY'S
GHOST WOULDN'T DEVOTE ITS LAST
MOMENTS ON EARTH TO THE ROBOT
UNLESS...AS YOU SUSPECTED...
SOME TERRIBLE UNDERSTAND-
ING PASSED BETWEEN THEM!
BUT YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT
IT, MARCIA...NOW THAT WE
HAVE THIS!

THE MICRO-
VOLT RESISTOR!
HOW DOES IT
WORK, DAN?



DR. ENSLOW HAS SPENT YEARS OF RE-
SEARCH TRYING TO LEARN WHY **SOME**
PEOPLE SEE GHOSTS...WHILE A VAST
MAJORITY **DON'T!** THE HUMAN NER-
VOUS SYSTEM GENERATES A TINY
CHARGE OF ELECTRICITY...AND DR.
ENSLOW'S TESTS PROVED THAT
PEOPLE WHO SEE GHOSTS HAVE A
FRACTION OF A MICRO-VOLT **MORE**
ELECTRICITY THAN OTHERS! THE
DIFFERENCE IS BARELY MEASUR-
ABLE... **BUT IT'S ENOUGH**
TO ATTRACT SPIRITS!

ATTACHED TO A PERSON'S WRIST, THE
MICROVOLT RESISTOR **LOWERS**
THAT TINY CURRENT--AND SUPER-
NATURAL FORCES ARE NO LONGER
ATTRACTED TO HIM! IT **SHOULD**
FREE THE ROBOT OF **ALL** GHOSTLY
INFLUENCES, INCLUDING PARDWAYS
...BUT I'M GOING TO WAIT UNTIL
SUNSET! PHANTOMS ARE MORE ACTIVE
THEN--AND I DON'T WANT TO MISS
ANY THAT MAY
BE AFFECTING
THE ROBOT!

I THINK WAITING'S
A GOOD IDEA, DAN!
IT WILL GIVE YOU
TIME TO BRING
IN A FEW SCIENTISTS
TO HELP OUT!

NOPE...I'M NOT GOING TO
RISK SPREADING PANIC BY
HINTING THAT THE ROBOT
IS ON THE VERGE OF ANOTHER
OUTBREAK! WE TWO CAN
MANAGE IT...NOW THAT WE
UNDERSTAND HOW THE
MICROVOLT RESISTOR
OPERATES!

BUT THERE'S A THIRD MIND HERE...A MIND
THAT HAS LISTENED--AND ALSO UNDER-
STANDS!

YES...WE WILL WAIT...
UNTIL TONIGHT!
PHANTOMS--ARE
MORE ACTIVE
THEN!



THROUGH THE DAY... DAN WATCHES THE ROBOT WITH MOUNTING SUSPICION!

IT LOOKS THE SAME... BUT THERE'S A FLEETING EXPRESSION BEHIND THOSE GLOWERING FEATURES... SOMETHING GRIMLY TRIUMPHANT! I DON'T WANT TO ALARM MARCIA... BUT I HAVE A HUNCH IT'LL BE LIKE A WALK-

ING EARTH-QUAKE IF IT CUTS LOOSE!



TOWARD EVENING...

THOUGHT I'D CHECK UP ON THE ROBOT. DAN! I'M SURE THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR WILL WORK... BUT IF THERE ARE ANY HITCHES... ATOMIC RESEARCH HAS PRODUCED THOUSANDS OF CUBIC FEET OF WASTE MATERIAL WHICH MIGHT SLOW THE ROBOT DOWN!

YOU MEAN THE RADIO-ACTIVE GASES STORED AT OAK RIDGE? NO, DR. ENSLOW... I'M AFRAID THEY'D HAVE NO EFFECT ON THE ROBOT! IF THE MICRO-VOLT RESISTOR DOESN'T WORK... NOTHING WILL!



Again... THE ROBOT'S EYES TAKE ON A CRAFTY GLINT!

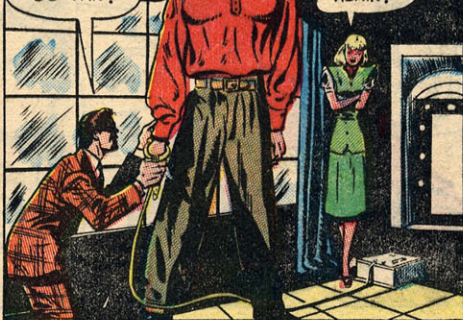
THE RADIOACTIVE GASES... AT OAK RIDGE? NO... THEY CAN'T... HARM ME! BUT THEY CAN... HARM HUMANS... THOUSANDS OF HUMANS!

SOON AFTERWARD... AS NIGHTFALL SHADOWS THE LAB...



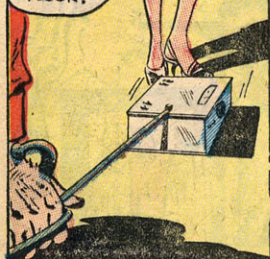
I WAS AFRAID I'D HAVE TROUBLE FASTENING THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR CONTACT... BUT EVERYTHING'S GONE WELL SO FAR!

THE ROBOT DOESN'T KNOW IT... BUT IN ANOTHER FEW SECONDS, WE'LL BE ABLE TO BREATHE EASILY AGAIN!



Then... A SLIGHT NOISE MAKES MARCIA TURN!

WHAT GOES ON HERE? THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR IS SLIDING ACROSS THE FLOOR!



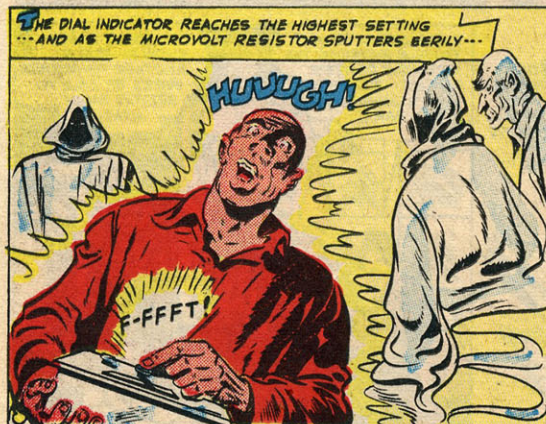
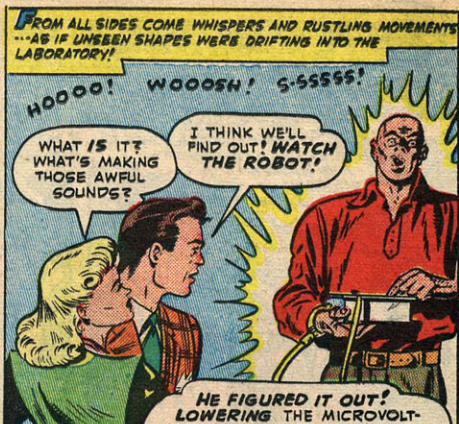
DAN... THE ROBOT! IT'S PULLING ON THE WIRE!

BY THE TIME DAN PICKS HIMSELF UP...

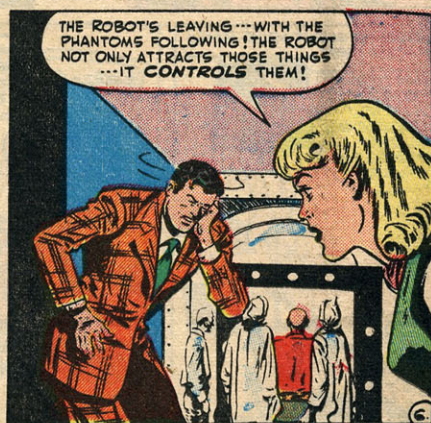
IT'S TURNING THE DIAL, MARCIA... BUT IN THE WRONG DIRECTION!

NOT WRONG... FOR MY PURPOSES!





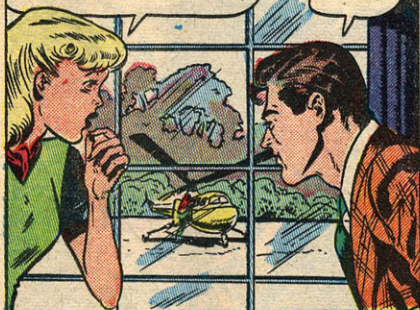
HE FIGURED IT OUT! LOWERING THE MICROVOLTAGE OF A NERVOUS SYSTEM REPELS GHOSTS... BUT BY RAISING HIS ELECTRICAL CURRENT, THE ROBOT HAS ATTRACTED THEM! HE'S USING DR. ENLOW'S DEVICE AS A MEANS OF TEAMING UP WITH EVIL SPIRITS... AND I CAN'T LET IT HAPPEN!



A MOMENT LATER...MARCIA STARBS IN UNBELIEVING TERROR!

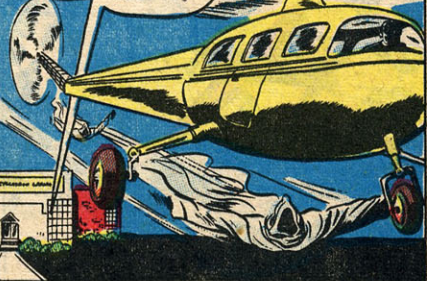
DAN...IT'S GETTING INTO YOUR HELICOPTER! SURELY IT CAN'T EXPECT TO FLY THAT THING...IT'S NEVER LEARNED!

NO...BUT I INSTRUCTED PARDWAY...AND THE ROBOT IS REMEMBERING WITH M/S BRAIN!



MANNED BY INHUMAN HANDS, THE HELICOPTER RISES... THE PHANTOM'S STREAMING BEHIND IT!

PARDWAY'S BRAIN! THE ROBOT HAS LEARNED TO THINK, MARCIA...AND WITH A MIND SO SINISTER THAT THE MOST DIABOLICAL BEINGS FROM THE WORLD BEYOND WILL OBEY IT!



SUDDENLY DAN STOPS SHORT...GRIPPED BY A TERRIBLE REALIZATION!

WAIT...IF THE ROBOT LEARNED ABOUT THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR BY OVERHEARING OUR DISCUSSION ABOUT HOW IT WORKED...MAYBE IT LEARNED SOMETHING ELSE FROM MY PHONE CONVERSATION WITH DR. ENSLOW! I MENTIONED RADIOACTIVE GASES...AND MAYBE IT ISN'T AN ACCIDENT THAT THE HELICOPTER IS HEADING SOUTHWEST...TOWARD OAK RIDGE!



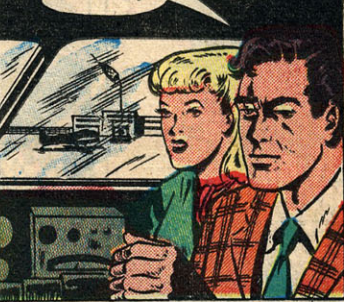
CREEPERS, DAN...IS THERE ANY WAY WE CAN STOP THEM?

IT'S A GOOD THING I'M A PILOT IN A NATIONAL GUARD PURSUIT SQUADRON! THE AIRFIELD ISN'T TOO CLOSE... BUT WE'VE GOT TO OVERTAKE THE HELICOPTER!



A HALF-HOUR LATER...

THE ROBOT HAS A GOOD START ON US, MARCIA...BUT WE'LL MAKE A BEELINE FOR OAK RIDGE...AND LET'S HOPE WE GET THERE IN TIME!



HUNDREDS OF MILES BEYOND...AS DAWN FLASHES ACROSS THE SKY...

THAT HAZE ON THE HORIZON IS OAK RIDGE...AND LOOK WHAT'S BELOW US!

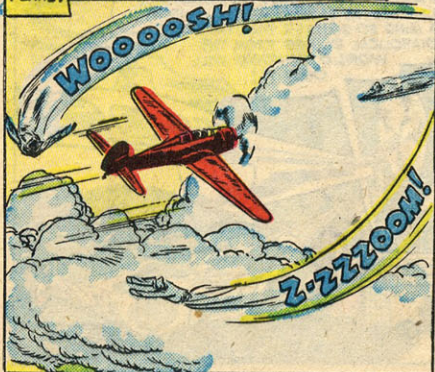


SNARLING AS DAN'S PLANE SWOOPS CLOSER...THE ROBOT FLASHES A WORDLESS COMMAND TO THE ONCOMING PHANTOMS!

DR. WARREN...THINKS HE CAN...CONTROL US! YOU MUST STOP... DR. WARREN!



3 IN THE NEXT INSTANT...WITH THE SPEED AND FORCE OF A TORNADO...THE PHANTOMS CLOSE IN ON DAN'S PLANE!

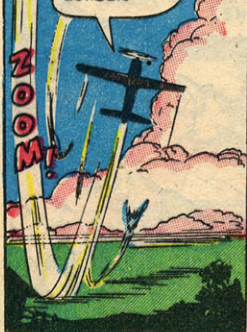


GOOD HEAVENS, DAN... THE PLANE WON'T STAY IN ONE PIECE MUCH LONGER! THEY'RE ATTACKING!

WHILE IT STILL IS HOLDING TOGETHER... I'D BETTER GO INTO A DIVE!



THE GHOSTS ARE RIGHT BEHIND US...BUT IF I CAN DODGE THEM FOR JUST A FEW SECONDS LONGER...



...I THINK WE CAN DUST OFF THEIR TOP COMMAND!

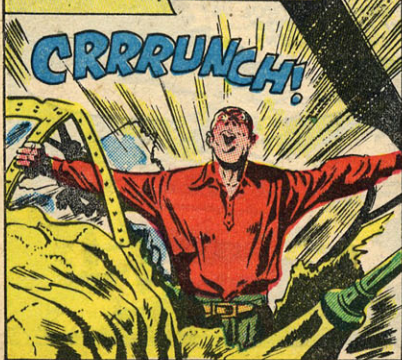


3 IN A SHATTERING PLUNGE...

THAT SHOULD FINISH OFF THE ROBOT, DAN! WITHOUT A LEADER...MAYBE THE PHANTOMS WILL RETURN TO THE UNKNOWN!

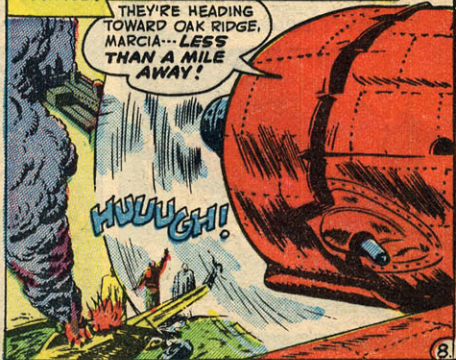


4 BUT AS DAN CIRCLES THE WRECK...THE TWISTED DEBRIS IS HURLED ASIDE IN A SURGE OF TERRIFIC STRENGTH!



4 THE ROBOT LOOKS SLOWLY AROUND...ITS HUGE ARM RISES AS A SIGNAL...AND THE TERRIBLE FORMS ADVANCE!

THEY'RE HEADING TOWARD OAK RIDGE, MARCIA...LESS THAN A MILE AWAY!



AS DAN'S PLANE SPEEDS AHEAD...

AT LEAST WE'LL HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO SPARE BEFORE THEY REACH THE ATOMIC RESEARCH LABORATORY... BUT WHAT THEN?

IF I'M GIVEN A CLEAR TRACK, I THINK I CAN PREVENT THE ROBOT FROM RELEASING THOSE DEADLY GASES... AND TRAP HIM AT THE SAME TIME!

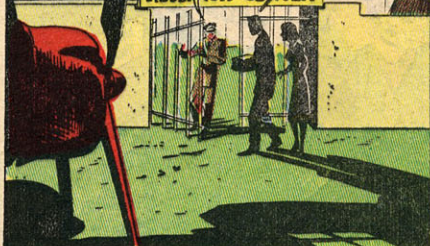


MOMENTS LATER...

MORNING, DR. WARREN! ANYTHING WRONG?

THAT DEPENDS ON HOW SOON I CAN SEE THE DIRECTOR! BUZZ HIS OFFICE... AND SAY I'M ON MY WAY UP!

ATOMIC RESEARCH CENTER



HASTILY... DAN REVEALS THE INCREDIBLE NEWS!

BUT YOUR ROBOT IS JUST A CLOD, WARREN... A MERE SCIENTIFIC FREAK! AND TO BE COMING HERE WITH PHANTOMS... WHY, IT'S FANTASTIC!

THAT WE CAN DISCUSS LATER... BUT FOR THE TIME BEING... JUST TAKE A LOOK OUT THE WINDOW!



GREAT SCOTT... THEY ARE COMING... TOWARD THE MAIN GATE!

RIGHT... AND ANY ORDINARY ATTEMPT TO STOP THEM WILL BE SHEER SUICIDE!



HERE'S THE ANSWER... DR. ENSLOW'S MICROVOLT RESISTOR! BUT BEFORE I TRY TO USE IT... YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR ENTIRE STAFF TO A PLACE OF SAFETY!

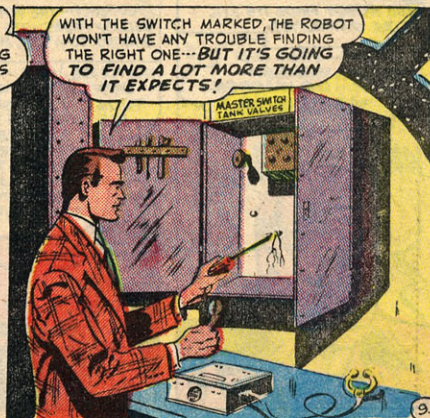
HELLO... CONTROL OFFICE! I WANT AN IMMEDIATE GENERAL ALARM!



Then... WITH LOUD-SPEAKERS BOOMING THROUGHOUT OAK RIDGE...

NOW... I'VE GOT A JOB TO DO ON THE MAIN SWITCH CONTROLLING THE RADIOACTIVE GAS TANK VALVES!

WITH THE SWITCH MARKED, THE ROBOT WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE FINDING THE RIGHT ONE... BUT IT'S GOING TO FIND A LOT MORE THAN IT EXPECTS!



THEY...AS THUMPING FOOTSTEPS ECHO IN THE CORRIDOR...

DAN...HURRY!
THEY'RE RIGHT
OUTSIDE!

I'M THROUGH...
AND IF I'VE GOT THE
WIRING HOOKED UP
RIGHT...THAT GOES
FOR THE ROBOT!

CLUMP
CLUMP
CLUMP
CLUMP

MASTER SWITCH
TANK VALVES

HUGH!
HUUGH!

HOPE IT DOESN'T
SUSPECT WHAT I'VE
BEEN UP TO! THE MERE
HINT OF A TRICK WILL
PROVOKE A FIT OF
DESTRUCTIVE RAGE!



I KNEW I'D GET
A RISE OUT OF HIM...
BY PRETENDING I WAS
TRYING TO CONCEAL
THE CONTROL
PANEL!

SLOWLY...
THOUGHTFULLY...
...THE HUGE
HAND GRIPS THE
SWITCH
... AND
IN THE
NEXT
INSTANT...



GAS WILL FINISH... MANY
PEOPLE GIVE ROBOT...
MANY SPIRITS! HUGH?

YAAARGH!
WOO-ooo!

THE ROBOT FINDS ITS EVIL
ALLIES DWINDLING!

I KNOW... WHO DID
THIS! DR. WARREN...
HUUGH... DR. WARREN...
YARRAGH!



SUDDENLY...THE ROBOT'S ENRAGED
BELLOW FADES...ITS RASPING BREATH
SINKING TO A LOW, MEASURED HEAVE!

DAN, PLEASE
... DON'T
TRUST
IT!

NOPE...BUT I CAN TRUST
THE MICROVOLT RESISTOR!
I CONNECTED IT TO THE
SWITCH HANDLE, MARCIA...
AND LURED THE ROBOT
INTO LOWERING ITS OWN NERVE
CURRENT! THAT REPELLED THE
GHOSTS...AND FREED THE
ROBOT FROM PARDWAY'S
DEVILISH INFLUENCE!



SCIENCE GETS
ITSELF INTO SOME
AWFUL JAMS, DAN
...BUT WE DO
MANAGE TO FIND
A WAY
OUT!

WAIT...I
AM MASTER-
ED NOW...
BUT MY
TIME...
WILL
COME...



CAN SCIENCE WIN ITS BATTLE
AGAINST TERROR? YOU'LL FIND
THE GRIPPING ANSWER...
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!

The **LITTLE FELLAH**

I DON'T know exactly how to begin this story. Sure, I'm supposed to be a newspaper man . . . me, Johnny Ransome, but I never covered an item like *this* one. I'm afraid you won't believe me. But this is the way it happened, cross my heart!

You see, I had the farmhouse in the country, a pair of twins, aged four, and this novel I wanted to write. It was a typical morning at our place. The twins were at breakfast, batting it back and forth between them. I sipped my coffee—which tasted like castor oil—and watched, my thoughts far from page three of the novel, which was as much as I'd written. The house was a mess, the dishes were stacked high in the sink, the front yard was a jungle, unfit for the kids to play in. It was *too* much. I was a beaten man . . . and then the buzzer on the front door suddenly sounded!

Looking back, I can see India was a fine figure of a woman, tall and strong and lovely. She came from the Indies, and I hired her before she could ask me for a job. To tell the truth, she didn't exactly *ask* for a job. She *knew* I needed her . . . and she was there. When I asked her *how* she knew, she gave me a curious answer: "*The Little Fella*h tole me. He takes care o' me . . . an' now he takin' care o' *you*, too!"

I only half heard her at the time. But I was to hear her answer again many times, later.

First . . . there was lunchtime. I'd put in a good morning's work on the book, and came out of the house to find the table set for lunch . . . on the front lawn.

The twins were just finishing theirs, almost meekly. The house was spotless, and the yard was cleaned of rubbish as though by a giant hand! India said: "I tole you. It's the *Little Fella*h . . . he's helpin' me. An' he's got the *big* one with him this time . . . *Big Bull*. They's always helpin' folks they like . . . like me—an' you!"

It was weird. No, it was funny. It *had* to be. I laughed, and I sounded like my voice was changing. I waved weakly towards the doors of the barn, trying to be funny. I'd never been able to budge those doors to see what was inside. They were stuck fast. "Maybe your . . . I mean *our* . . . friends could open those barn doors while they're at it," I cackled. "I'd like to see what's inside!"

There was a moment in which nothing happened, but only a moment. Then, slowly, the heavy doors began to swing open! They creaked, they groaned, but they moved! And they moved of their own accord! There was nothing . . . no one . . . within fifty yards of those doors! That is, no one that I could see.

"See? It's the *Little Fella*h again," India whispered. "He heard . . . an' he an' *Big Bull* come ta help you!"

I got up and stumbled towards the barn. I strained and tugged, but I couldn't move those doors. Without another word, I went back to the house. India brought my coffee. It was strong, and I needed it. We didn't speak. I didn't believe it, I kept telling myself.

That was before Bobby tumbled into the cistern on Ed Collins' place next door.

It was the next afternoon. Ellen came running to get me, shouting for help through her tears. The kids had been playing, couldn't see the overgrown, unused cistern and . . . as I ran, I prayed Bobby was still alive. When I got to the well, India was already there. And on the ground . . . near the cistern . . . Bobby! Spent, red-eyed . . . but alive . . . smiling! I caught him up in my arms . . . heard a faint murmur . . . "the little Fella!" I looked at India. Her lips framed the words. But then she went on, quickly. She had found Bobby as I did, bruised but unhurt, by the side of the well. All the water had been pressed from his lungs. Her voice dropped.

"Someone climbed down that narrow cistern after the boy. An' someone lifted him up!"

I knelt by the mouth of the well. Room for a child's body . . . yes. But a man's . . . no. The edges of the pipe were torn away, as by a giant hand. I checked the words, but the thought remained. *The Little Fella . . . Big Bull*—I checked the thought fast.

When I got to my feet, Ed Collins was with us. He was a big guy . . . big—and mean. In the crook of his arm, he cradled a sawed-off shotgun, and he asked no questions. His idea . . . we get off his property . . . fast! No, he'd be blasted if he'd cap the top of the cistern! I could bloody well keep my brats chained up! And if we didn't start to git in a hurry . . . he was gonna blast us!

That was when I hit him. My first punch smashed his shotgun down against his back ribs. My second . . . to the jaw . . . rolled him over in the scrub near the cistern. He cursed, threatening a terrible revenge against what I loved most—

my children. But he didn't get up . . . not till after we'd gone.

I couldn't be bothered with Collins for the next few days. One thing bothered me, though . . . two "things." The Little Fella . . . and Big Bull! I couldn't get them out of my mind. Could you, in my boots?

When I finished the first chapter, I took it down to town. The publisher liked it. Coming back to the house that night, I could see the next chapter—just the way I wanted it. The house was dark. My house key was in my hand, but I didn't need it. The door was ajar. The unnatural silence pounded in my ears.

In the hall, I stumbled. At my feet, there was . . . there was . . . something . . . soft. And moaning, low. I flicked the light switch. At my feet . . . it was India, lying still, hurt! She stirred, moaned again, whispered.

"Collins . . . he . . . he came for the children. But . . . they . . . safe . . . we drove him off! Go . . . after him . . . we'll be all right!" Yes, I heard her. She said *me!*

I ran out of the house and across the lawn. I found myself following a trail of bloodstains to Collins' place, and at the end of the trail, I found . . . Collins. He lay face down in a clump of bushes, dead. The right side of his face had been bashed flat by a boulder, maybe . . . or a great fist. Then I saw the knife imbedded in his neck. It was the smallest I had ever seen, about the size of my index finger. A toy knife . . . for a toy man! And a head crushed . . . by a great fist! I could hear India's voice: "*The Little Fella . . . he takes care o' me! Him an' Big Bull!*"

But I don't know why I'm telling you all this. You don't believe me! *Or do you?*

The Sargasso Specter



Since the times of the ancient Phoenicians, awe-stricken sailors have whispered strange tales of the mysterious SARGASSO SEA -- that weed-clogged mariners' graveyard where flotillas of ships lie rotting, held fast in the clutches of the sargassum weed!

And occasionally, a half-wild, shipwrecked survivor will return with the strangest story of all, babbling of a fiendish, infernal demon -- *The SARGASSO SPECTER!*

EIGHT HUNDRED MILES NORTHWEST
OF THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS...

LOOK, CAPTAIN!
-- AN OPEN
BOAT!

CAN'T TELL WHETHER
THOSE TWO POOR DEVILS
IN IT ARE DEAD OR ALIVE!
ONE OF 'EM'S A WOMAN, TOO!

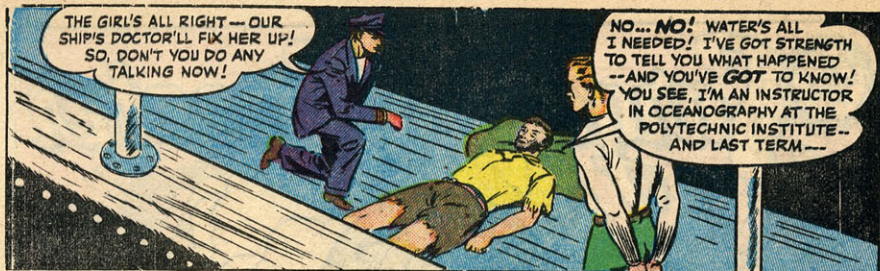
PREPARE
TO LOWER
AWAY!



THANKS... GAVE UP HOPE...
DAYS AGO! BUT LISTEN ...
SOMETHING I HAVE TO
TELL YOU ... IN
SARGASSO
SEA ... WE
FOUND IT...

THERE, THERE, MATEY, WAIT
TILL YE HAVE A REST AN'
PLENTY O' FOOD AN' WATER
BEFORE YE START
SPOUTIN'!





THE GIRL'S ALL RIGHT -- OUR SHIP'S DOCTOR'LL FIX HER UP! SO, DON'T YOU DO ANY TALKING NOW!

NO... NO! WATER'S ALL I NEEDED! I'VE GOT STRENGTH TO TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED --AND YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW! YOU SEE, I'M AN INSTRUCTOR IN OCEANOGRAPHY AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE... AND LAST TERM --

"CORA -- THE GIRL WHO WAS IN THE BOAT WITH ME -- TOLD ME OF SOME REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES SHE'D MADE WHILE DOING HER GRADUATE THESIS..."

...AND WHEN I FINISHED EXAMINING ALL THE REPORTS OF THE SARGASSO SEA THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, I LEARNED THAT IT'S ALWAYS SEEN IN A DIFFERENT PLACE AND THAT IT APPARENTLY FOLLOWS A REGULAR COURSE OF INTERSECTING CIRCLES! AND ITS COURSE COINCIDES EXACTLY WITH THE POSITIONS OF ALL THE FAMOUS SHIPS THAT HAVE DISAPPEARED OR WHOSE CREWS VANISHED -- THE *MARIE CELESTE*, THE *CYCLOPS*, THE *ATALANTA*, THE *KOBENHOVEN*...



AND WHAT'S MORE, ACCORDING TO MY CALCULATIONS, THE SARGASSO SEA IS DUE TO APPEAR AGAIN NEXT MONTH AT LATITUDE 29°48' NORTH AND LONGITUDE 47°22' WEST!

WHY, THAT'S WONDERFUL WORK, MISS BRYCE! ON THE BASIS OF THIS, WE OUGHT TO GET THE FUNDS FOR AN EXPEDITION TO SEE WHAT'S BEHIND THE SARGASSO SEA PHENOMENON!



"I REPORTED THE FINDINGS TO THE INSTITUTE'S TRUSTEES..."

...AND I'M CONVINCED OF THE ACCURACY OF MISS BRYCE'S CALCULATIONS! SHE'S PROVIDED SCIENCE WITH ITS FIRST OPPORTUNITY TO INVESTIGATE THE SARGASSO SEA --

WELL, YOU'VE CONVINCED US! WE'LL TAKE A CHANCE AND FINANCE AN EXPEDITION FOR THE TWO OF YOU -- COMPLETE WITH WEED-CUTTERS FOR YOUR BOAT AND A SMALL CANNON TO SINK ANY OLD HULKS THAT MAY GET IN YOUR WAY! WE DON'T WANT YOU GETTING CAUGHT IN THE SARGASSO!



"WE WERE TWO WEEKS OUT... A THOUSAND MILES FROM LAND, AND CLOSE TO THE POSITION WE'D CALCULATED..."

HAW -- THINK OF 'EM BRINGING ALONG GRASS-CUTTERS... HERE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE OCEAN!

CAPTAIN, THE BOTTOM'S FALLING OUT OF THE BAROMETER! WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW FROM THE SOUTHWEST!



"THE STORM THAT HIT US WAS A CROSS BETWEEN A HURRICANE AND A TORNADO! WE WERE COMPLETELY AT ITS MERCY FOR THREE DAYS, WALLOWING HELPLESSLY IN THE HUGE WAVES, DRIFTING FAR OFF OUR COURSE..."



"WHEN THE STORM SUBSIDED, WE FOUND OURSELVES IN A DENSE FOG!"

CAP'N... OUR ENGINES... THEY WON'T MOVE US! IT'S... IT'S ALMOST AS IF WE WERE **CAUGHT FAST!**

YOU BLUBBERING IDIOT, HOW CAN WE BE CAUGHT BY WATER?



"AS THE FOG STARTED TO LIFT..."

WE ARE CAUGHT -- BUT BY SEA-WEED!

THE SARGASSO SEA --- WE'RE IN IT!



YOU WERE RIGHT, CORA -- WE'VE FOUND IT!

AND THERE THEY ARE -- THE HULKS OF DEAD SHIPS... EVERYWHERE AROUND US!



IT--IT'S LIKE A GRAVEYARD... OF LOST SHIPS! GHOST SHIPS -- COMIN' TO HAUNT US!

GHOST SHIPS?
THAT'S A GENUINE SPANISH GALLEON! WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THE GOLD SHE MUST BE CARRYING!



NOT SO FAST, CAPTAIN!
IF THERE'S ANY GOLD ABOARD THESE OLD DERELICTS, YOU AND THE CREW WILL GET A FAIR SHARE! BUT THE INSTITUTE WILL HAVE TO GET THE BULK OF IT! NOW, PLEASE LOWER THE LAUNCH SO WE CAN EXAMINE THESE SHIPS!

A FAIR SHARE, HUH? WELL, ALL RIGHT, YOU'RE THE BOSS -- SO FAR!



IF THERE'S ANY GOLD ON THESE OLD BRIGANTINES, WE'LL FEED THOSE TWO LANDLUBBERS TO THE FISH! ARE YOU WITH ME?

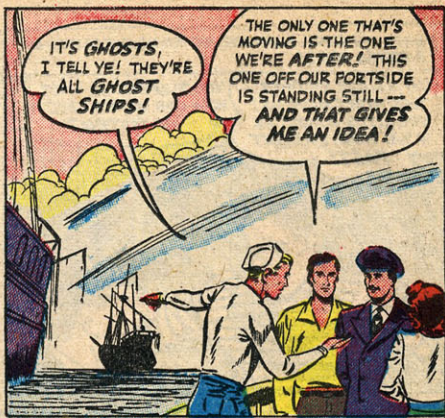
WE'LL TOSS A COUPLE OF COINS TO THE CREW, AND SPLIT ALL THE REST OF IT BETWEEN US TWO! WE'LL BE RICH AS KINGS!





I'M SURE GLAD YOU BROUGHT ALONG THESE WEED-CUTTERS-- NOW!

BUT LOOK --- WE'RE NOT GAINING ON THAT SHIP! IT KEEPS MOVING AHEAD OF US --- AND THERE'S NO WIND!



IT'S GHOSTS, I TELL YE! THEY'RE ALL GHOST SHIPS!

THE ONLY ONE THAT'S MOVING IS THE ONE WE'RE AFTER! THIS ONE OFF OUR PORTSIDE IS STANDING STILL --- AND THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA!



APPARENTLY SOME STRANGE FORCE IS TRYING TO PREVENT US FROM BOARDING THESE SHIPS-- BUT MAYBE IT CAN BE FOOLED! IF WE KEEP GOING AND THEN TURN SUDDENLY, WE MIGHT GET ABOARD THE SHIP ON OUR LEFT BEFORE IT GUESSES OUR INTENTIONS AND STARTS MOVING!

GOOD IDEA --- THERE SHOULD BE GOLD ON THAT GALLEON ALSO! WE'LL OUTFOX THESE WINDJAMMERS, EVEN THOUGH THEY CAN MOVE WITHOUT A WIND!



C'MON, LET'S GET ABOARD AND SEE WHAT TREASURE SHE'S GOT!

IT WORKED!



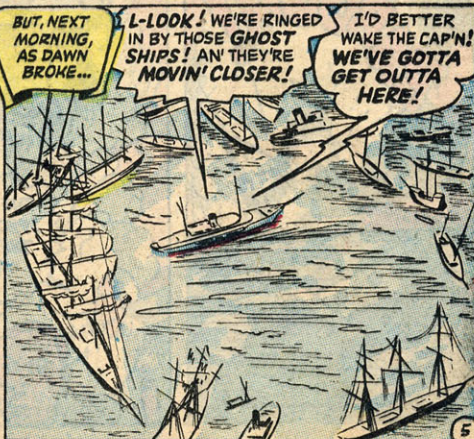
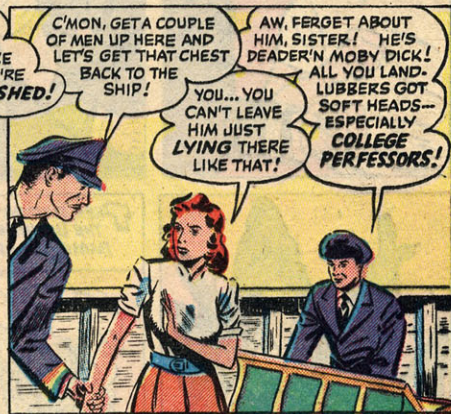
LOOK --- A CHEST!

YEAH, AN'... AN' THERE'S A SKELETON ---



THAT-- THAT HAND! IT... IT MOVED ONTO THE CHEST --- AS IF TO KEEP US FROM IT! THIS SHIP IS HAUNTED!

BAH! NOTHING THAT'S ALIVE OR DEAD CAN SCARE ME! I'M SEEN! WHAT'S INSIDE THAT CHEST!



THEY'RE COMIN' FER US!
IT'S THE CURSE O' THE
SARGASSO SEA FER TAKIN'
ITS GOLD! I NEVER USED TO
BELIEVE THOSE STORIES ABOUT
THE SARGASSO SPECTER--
BUT NOW I KNOW! IF YOU
DONT GIVE IT BACK ITS
GOLD, I'LL...

I'LL---

YOU'LL
WHAT?



NOBODY STOPS ME--DEAD OR
ALIVE! AND I KNOW HOW TO
DEAL WITH THE SARGASSO
SPECTER JUST AS WELL AS
I KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH
LILY-LIVERED WHELPS
LIKE YOU!



MAN THAT CANNON!
WE'LL BLAST THESE HULKS
BACK INTO LIMBO, TOGETHER
WITH ANY SPOOKS THERE
MAY BE ABOARD 'EM!



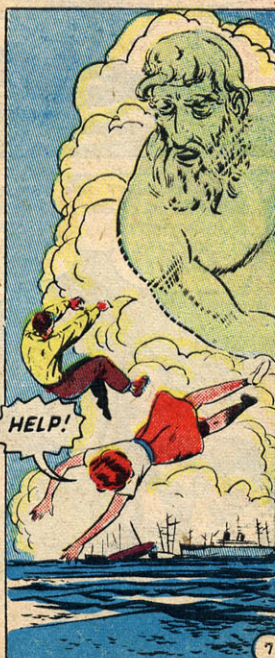
THEN, SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF
THE UNKNOWN -- AN
IMMENSE APPARITION!

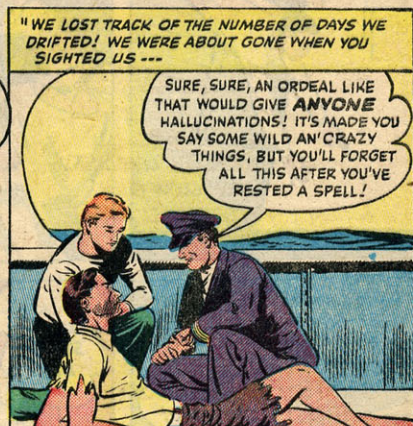
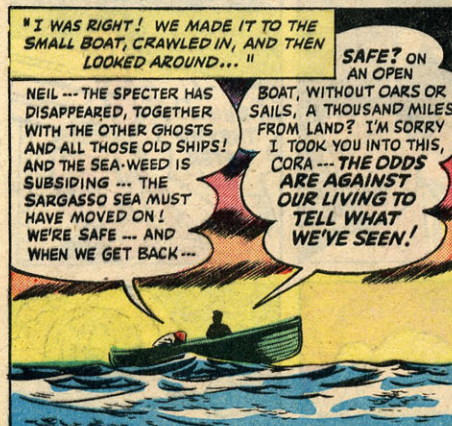


THE SARGASSO
SPECTER! MAY
THE FATES HAVE
MERCY ON
US!

"THE CANNON BLAST MUST
HAVE SHOCKED ME OUT OF MY
STUPOR, FOR JUST THEN I
REVIVED FROM THE BLOW--
ONLY TO SEE --"







**Send
SECRET
SIGNALS**

**With the SENSATIONAL
PAT. PEND.
TRIGGER-LITE GUN!**
TRADE MARK REG.

IS IT A GUN? IS IT A FLASHLIGHT?

It's BOTH!

A realistic gun until you pull the trigger --- and a brilliant beam of light shoots out! Release the trigger, and **PRESTO!** The light snaps out!

HERE'S WHAT YOU GET!

1. TRIGGER-LITE GUN, with...
2. BULLET CARTRIDGE
3. UNBREAKABLE PLASTIC LENS (Military type)
4. LONG-LIFE, HIGH-GLOW BULB
5. HEAVY, NICKEL-STEEL CASE
6. DEEP-GROOVED, NON-SLIP GRIP
7. TWO POWERFUL BATTERIES

--- SWELL FOR ---

- SIGNALING ON NIGHT HIKES!
- FINDING OBJECTS IN THE DARK!
- EVERY FLASHLIGHT USE!
- GAMES!
- ...and many other things
- that **YOU** can think of!



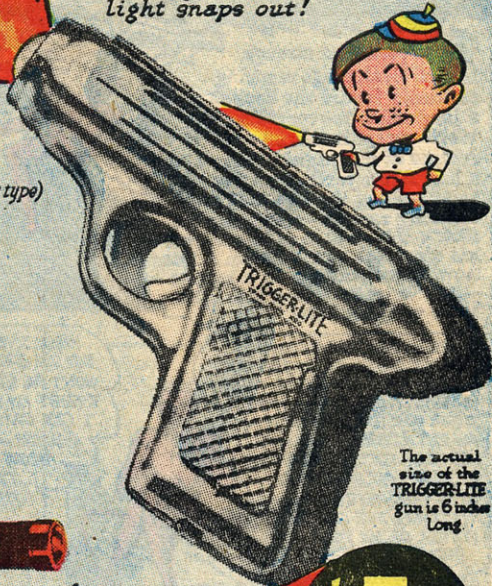
BULLET CARTRIDGE --- BATTERIES LOAD IN HERE!

**100% SAFE ---
and FUN GALORE!**

**\$1.00! JUST SLIP A DOLLAR
BILL, OR MONEY ORDER, OR
COINS INTO AN ENVELOPE, TO-
GETHER WITH THE COUPON
AT THE RIGHT, PROPERLY FILLED OUT!
SEND AT ONCE FOR YOUR OWN**

**"TRIGGER-LITE" SECRET
SIGNAL GUN**

WALMAN SALES CO. 45 W. 45TH ST. N.Y.C. 19, N.Y.



The actual
size of the
TRIGGER-LITE
gun is 6 inches
long.



**WALMAN SALES CO.,
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Please send me **"TRIGGER-LITE"**
SIGNALING GUNS. Enclosed you will
find cash or money order.

Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

The Man Who WENT TO THE DEVIL

BAH! TIME WAS WHEN I WAS WORSHIPED, BACK IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS WHEN MANKIND LIVED IN FEAR! BUT **THAT'S** CHANGED! NOW I'VE GOT ALL I CAN DO TO SNARE A FEW DISCIPLES HERE AND THERE!

Try to picture a strange land of bleak crags reaching endlessly toward the hazy sky, a land which few mortals ever visit—except in the fevered dreams of midnight! There's a lone figure perched on the rocks among the hunched and brooding ravens—pondering the **BLACK** thoughts that have been his since the world began! Just now, he's thinking of a human—**ANY** human—and it might very well be **YOU!**

YES, MY CROOKED SHADOW IS STILL WELCOMED BY THE **UNWARY**—BUT BY AND LARGE, I'VE FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS! THAT'S WHAT I GET FOR BUILDING UP A **REPUTATION**—MANKIND HAS LEARNED TO **RECOGNIZE** MY GAUNT FACE PEERING INTO WIND-TAPPED WINDOWS, THE QUICK PATTERN OF MY FEET UNDER THE WANING MOON!

WELL, I'VE HAD A **DEVIL** OF A TIME—BUT I'M **STILL** A SLY OLD RIP! IT WON'T BE EASY FOR MORTALS TO RESIST MY EVIL INFLUENCE IF I CAN CATCH A HUMAN **OFF GUARD**—ENTER HIS BODY—**AND USE IT AS A DISGUISE!**

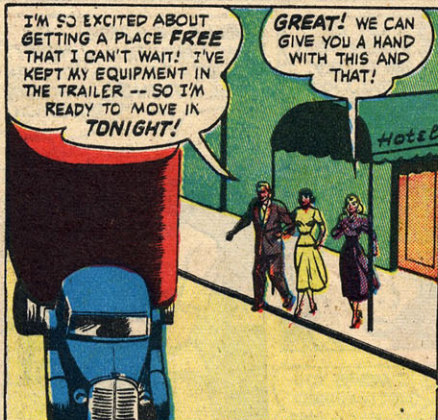
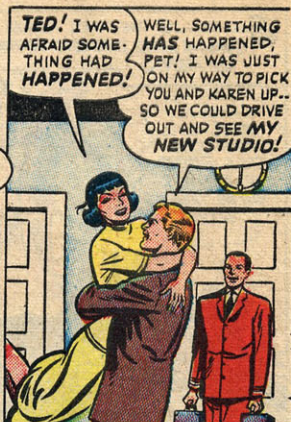
DID YOU HEAR **THAT?** THE DEVIL'S GETTING **AMBITIOUS** AGAIN!

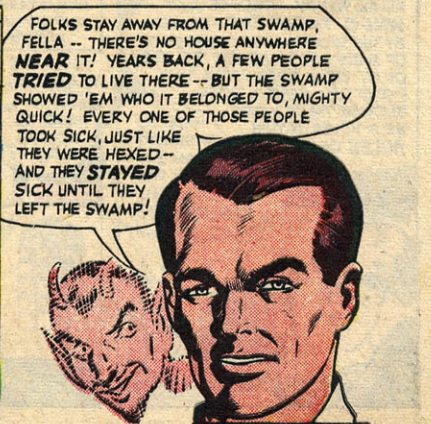
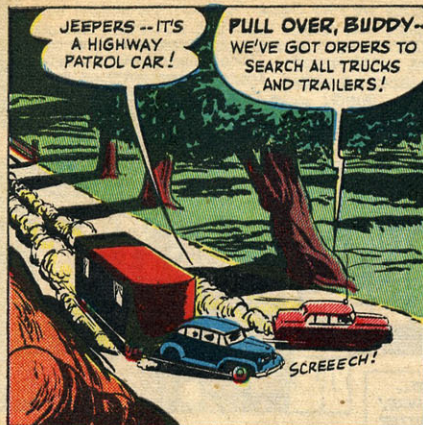
HUH! EVER SINCE TIME BEGAN, WE'VE HAD TO BE CONTENT WITH MINOR BEWITCHINGS AND PETTY MALICE—AND THE DEVIL'S HOGGED THE CREDIT FOR EVEN **THAT!**

BUT IF THE **DEVIL** CAN INCREASE HIS POWER BY ASSUMING A MORTAL DISGUISE, WHY DON'T **WE** TRY IT? WE'LL PUT THAT BIG SHOWOFF IN HIS PLACE—AND WE'LL SHOW HUMANITY WHAT **IMPS** CAN DO!

COME ON! WE'LL FOLLOW THE DEVIL—**AND HIJACK ANY HUMAN HE MANAGES TO TRAP!**







AS GRIM SUSPICIONS FLIT THROUGH TED'S MIND LIKE CIRCLING BATS --

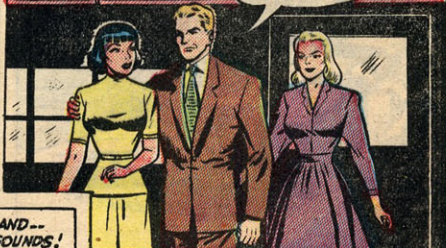
WHILE WE'RE AT IT -- WHO **DOES** THE SWAMP BELONG TO?

I'VE SEEN 'EM -- BUT YOU NAME 'EM! FIERY RED THINGS -- DANCING OVER THE REEDS AT MIDNIGHT!



NOW WE FIND THERE **ISN'T** ANY HOUSE! TED-- THIS IS ABOUT AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!

WENDY, I'M SURE IT WILL ALL BOIL DOWN TO A JOKE SOMEONE'S PLAYING ON ME -- MIXED WITH A FEW LOCAL SUPERSTITIONS! BUT LET'S RIDE ALONG WITH THE GAG -- AND SEE WHAT GIVES IN THAT SWAMP!



A HALF-HOUR LATER--DEEP IN THE GLOOMY SWAMPLAND-- THE MUFFLED NIGHT SEEMS TO HUM WITH STRANGE SOUNDS! AND OVER AND OVER, THE CRICKETS AND TREE-FROGS UTTER THEIR HUSHED WARNING IN THE DARKNESS!



SUDDENLY--CASTING REFLECTIONS OVER THE WEED-CHOKED WATER...



RELAX, WENDY -- THEY'RE JUST **WILL-O-THE-WISPS**-- CAUSED BY THE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION OF MARSH GAS! AS FOR THE REST OF IT, WE'LL SOON PROVE THAT PHONE CALL WAS A TRICK -- BECAUSE THERE WON'T BE A HOUSE WITHIN MILES OF HERE!

HATE TO INTERRUPT-- BUT CAN I INTEREST YOU TWO IN SOME LOCAL REAL ESTATE?



UNMISTAKABLY, A HOUSE -- AND UNMISTAKABLY, A NEW HOUSE!

WELL--IT'S HERE! WHAT ELSE IS THERE TO WONDER ABOUT?

PLENTY! THE LUMBER THAT WAS CARRIED OFF BY SOMETHING WITH CLOVEN FEET -- THE PAINT AND SHINGLES STOLEN BY A FIGURE IN RED! IT WAS THE DEVIL, TED -- AND HE BUILT THIS HOUSE-- OVERNIGHT!



FAR BE IT FROM ME TO BELIEVE IN THE DEVIL-- BUT BROTHER -- CAN HE BUILD!

MAYBE YOU AND WENDY HAD BETTER BUNK IN THE TRAILER FOR THE REST OF THE NIGHT-- WHILE I LOOK THE PLACE OVER! MY CAR BATTERY IS RUN DOWN, BUT I'LL LIGHT THIS LAMP -- JUST SO THE DARKNESS WON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE IDEAS!





GUESS I WON'T NEED LIGHTS INSIDE--WITH THE MOON SHINING THROUGH THE LARGE WINDOWS! OH-OH! FOR A SECOND I THOUGHT I SAW SOMETHING PEERING OUT --A FIERY RED FORM!



NOTHING TO GET JUMPY ABOUT--IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE REFLECTION OF ONE OF THOSE DARTING WILL-O'-THE-WISPS!

PROD ME WITH A PITCHFORK--I ALMOST GAVE MYSELF AWAY, THAT TIME! I'LL MAKE MYSELF INVISIBLE FOR AN HOUR OR SO --AND THEN I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE OVER TED HARPER'S BODY!

AS TED LOOKS AROUND--UNAWARE OF THE LEAN, GLOATING FIGURE BESIDE HIM --

FROM ROOM TO ROOM--ALL OF THEM SWEEP BY GREENISH MOONLIGHT!

WOW! THE HOUSE ITSELF WAS ENOUGH OF A SURPRISE-- BUT THESE FURNISHINGS ARE TERRIFIC!

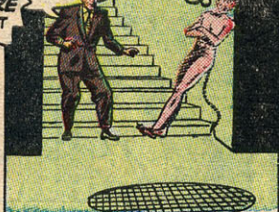
GLAD YOU APPRECIATE MY TROUBLE! AND BY THE WAY-- DID YOU CHANCE TO READ ABOUT THOSE MYSTERIOUS FURNITURE STORE ROBBERIES LAST NIGHT?

PEACHY CELLAR, TOO -- BUT I WONDER WHAT THAT OPENING IN THE FLOOR IS FOR!

OH-OH! YOU'LL FIND OUT! IN FACT-- YOU SHOULD BE GETTING A HINT ANY SECOND NOW!

A MOMENT LATER... NEVER THOUGHT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT WOULD AFFECT ME -- BUT I'M GETTING A BIT DIZZY!

AND YOU STILL HAVEN'T GUESSED WHAT THAT GRID IN THE CELLAR FLOOR IS FOR, HAH? IT'S A DUCT FOR THE VAPORS GIVEN OFF BY THE SWAMP -- METHANE GAS -- AND MINUTE BY MINUTE, IT'S DULLING YOUR BRAIN AND WILL POWER!



THAT'S IT ... RELAX ... BREATHE DEEPLY! AH, THIS IS A SNEAKY TRICK, EVEN FOR ME -- BUT YOU'LL BE IMMUNE TO THE GAS -- ONCE I'M INSIDE YOUR BODY!

I THINK I HEAR A VOICE ... FAR AWAY... BUT I CAN'T MOVE!



MEANWHILE -- LYING SLEEPLESSLY IN THE TRAILER --

I KNOW THOSE RED REFLECTIONS DANCING ON THE WALLS ARE JUST WILL-O'-THE-WISPS, KAREN! ... BUT NOW THEY SEEM TO BE COMING CLOSER -- CHANGING! WE--WE'D BETTER GET UP AND SEE!

WHEN -- IN A SUDDEN WAVE OF TERROR --

THOSE AREN'T WILL-O'-THE-WISPS, KAREN! THEY'RE THINGS WITH GROPING HANDS AND EVIL FACES -- AND THEY'RE SCUTTling TOWARD THE HOUSE!



COME ON -- WE CAN'T LET THOSE THINGS CATCH TED OFF GUARD!

NICE OF THE DEVIL TO ARRANGE THINGS FOR US, EH? SOON AS HIS BACK IS TURNED -- WE'LL TAKE OVER HIS VICTIM!



A MOMENT LATER -- WITH THE IMPS LURKING IN THE SHADOWS LIKE CREEPING FLAMES --

TED! -- WHAT'S WRONG? OH, KAREN -- I **KNEW** THERE WAS SOMETHING HORRIBLE ABOUT THIS PLACE!



LET'S NOT MAKE ANY WILD GUESSES, WENDY -- AT LEAST NOT UNTIL WE'RE **OUTSIDE!**

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THEM -- BUT FIRST -- IF I **EVER** SMELLED BRIMSTONE -- I **SMELL IT NOW!**



AHAA -- SO YOU LITTLE DEVILS ARE HORNING IN, ARE YOU? WE'LL SEE HOW LONG YOU HANG AROUND -- AND THOSE GIRLS, TOO -- WHEN I MAKE MYSELF **VISIBLE!**



IN THE NEXT INSTANT -- LOOMING LIKE A CRIMSON SLASH IN THE DARKNESS --

TUT-TUT-TUT! COME ON, GIRLS -- BRING HIM BACK -- YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE!

Y-YIPE!

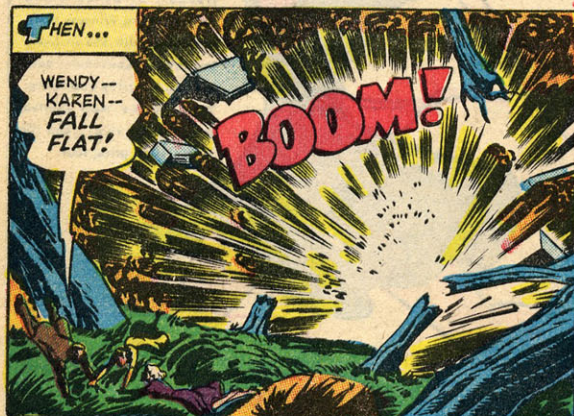
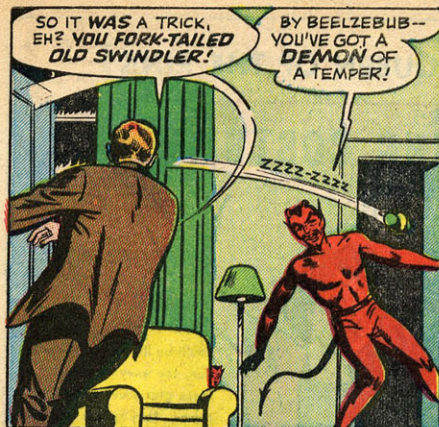


TED IS PARTLY REVIVED BY A STIRRING BREEZE!

DON'T GO BACK, TED! THIS WAS ALL A SCHEME OF THE DEVIL'S -- **TO GET YOU IN HIS POWER!**

GIVE ME... THE LANTERN! NOW RUN... RUN!





Now you can be **THE QUEEN OF THE RINK!**

Glamorous SKATING COSTUMES

with sparkling silver **SEQUINS**
or glittering **GOLD BRAID**

You'll be the center of attraction, the envy of all... in these glamorous skating costumes. They're cut for full freedom of action along curve-hugging Princess lines, and move with you in exciting rhythm. Convenient back zipper for jiffy changing. You'll be the most courted queen of the rink... and for such a small price, too!

Sparkling silver sequin trim on two-tone rayon tulle.

WHIRLAWAY
only **8⁹⁹**

Scroll braid that glitters like gold on two-tone rayon tulle.

WHIRLABOUT
only **6⁹⁹**

Colors:

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Grey with Red sash
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Powder Blue with
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All with sparkling silver sequins

WHIRLABOUT

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All with glittering gold braid

Junior Dress Sizes
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☐ Ship C.O.D. I will pay postage.

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	SIZE	1st COLOR CHOICE	2nd COLOR CHOICE
WHIRLAWAY \$8.99			
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If not your heart's desire return in 10 days for full purchase price refund.

SMALL BUST WOMEN

Special Design "Up-And-Out" Bra
Gives You A Fuller, Alluring Bustline
Instantly

COLORS:

- NUDE
- WHITE
- BLACK
- BLUE

SIZES:

28
to
38

NO PADS! NO ARTIFICIAL BUST BUILDUP NEEDED

Self conscious about your flat looking bustline? Figure Beauty starts with a glamorous bustline. The sensational "Up-And-Out" Bra has an exclusive secret patent pend. feature that tends to lift and cup flat, unshapely, small busts into a **FULLER, WELL-ROUNDED, EXCITING BUSTLINE** like magic instantly.

One of Our Many Satisfied Customers Below Says:

"... It's amazing how its special feature gives my bustline real glamour."

—Miss Doris Harris, Wichita, Kansas



BEFORE Miss Harris wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, she was flat, unshapely, and shy.

AFTER she wore the "Up-and-Out" Bra, her attractive bustline gave her poise, confidence.

Now Wear All Dresses, Blouses, Sweaters, etc. (No matter how form fitting) With Bustline Confidence!

With the "Up-And-Out" Bra underneath, all your clothes will display the sweater girl, feminine curves you desire and require to look attractive. Firm elastic back and easy to adjust shoulder straps. Beautiful fabric — easy to wash. Colors: Nude, White, Black. Sizes: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38. Only \$2.49. Mail Coupon Now.

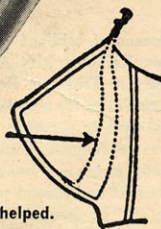
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FREE 10 DAY TRIAL COUPON

Tested Sales, Dept. MR-45B12
20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Profile View Of Hidden Feature in Bra

which does wonders for your individual bust problem.



Below are some types who can be helped.

Special patent pending bust molding feature on inside of bra lifts, supports and cups your busts. No Matter Whether They Are Small, Flat or Sagging, into Fuller, Well-Rounded "Up and Out" curves like magic instantly!



Tested Sales, Dept. MR-45B-12

20 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Rush to me my "Up-And-Out" Bra in plain wrapper in size and color checked below. I will pay postman on delivery \$2.49 plus postage. If not delighted in 10 days, I will return merchandise for my money back.

Size _____ Color _____ How Many _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

Check here if you wish to save postage by enclosing \$2.49 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee.

**Our Biggest
Bulb Bargain**



AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED...

TULIP OFFER

OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK

**100
BULBS
for \$1.69**

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2c per bulb. Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1½" to 2¼" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

Selected by Tulip experts who guarantee replacement of any bulb not developing to your satisfaction.

. . . Will fill your garden with blazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

ORDER NOW!
Send No Money!

Send no money to get this marvelous tulip bulb bargain! Just check which offers you desire and rush order today! Your tulip bulb assortment with extra Dutch Iris Bulbs will be sent you immediately in plenty of time for fall planting. When postman brings your package just pay amount as checked in coupon plus C.O.D. postage. If you remit with order, we'll pay postage. If you don't feel that you have hit the bargain jackpot of the garden world, return the bulbs and receive your money back.

EXTRA

**12 DUTCH
IRIS BULBS**

... Yes, as your gift for ordering this astounding tulip assortment . . . we will send you 12 genuine first-year Dutch Iris Bulbs extra and without additional cost. These gorgeous irises will give your garden new purples and blues that will make it the envy of your neighbors. All solid disease-free bulbs . . . extra just for mailing your tulip order coupon now.

Other Delightful Flower Bargains!

Chrysanthemums . . . New CUSHION MUMS. Young, vigorous plants which will fill your garden with spectacular beauty. (Should produce over 1000 blooms) Assorted colors, 10 plants and 5 Ranunculus Bulbs extra . . . **\$1.69**

Imported Holland Crocus Bulbs Choice, Famous Varieties of selected bulbs direct from Holland! These crocuses, flowering size, will be the first to bloom next spring in lovely white, yellow, blue and striped blossoms. Grow indoors—or in lawns where they flower for years without replanting. 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra, 100 BULBS . . . **\$1.94**

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Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of package in time for Fall planting, plus postage, on guarantee that I may return if not satisfied and get full refund.

- | | |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 100 Tulip Bulbs averaging 1½" circumference with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs | \$1.69 |
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